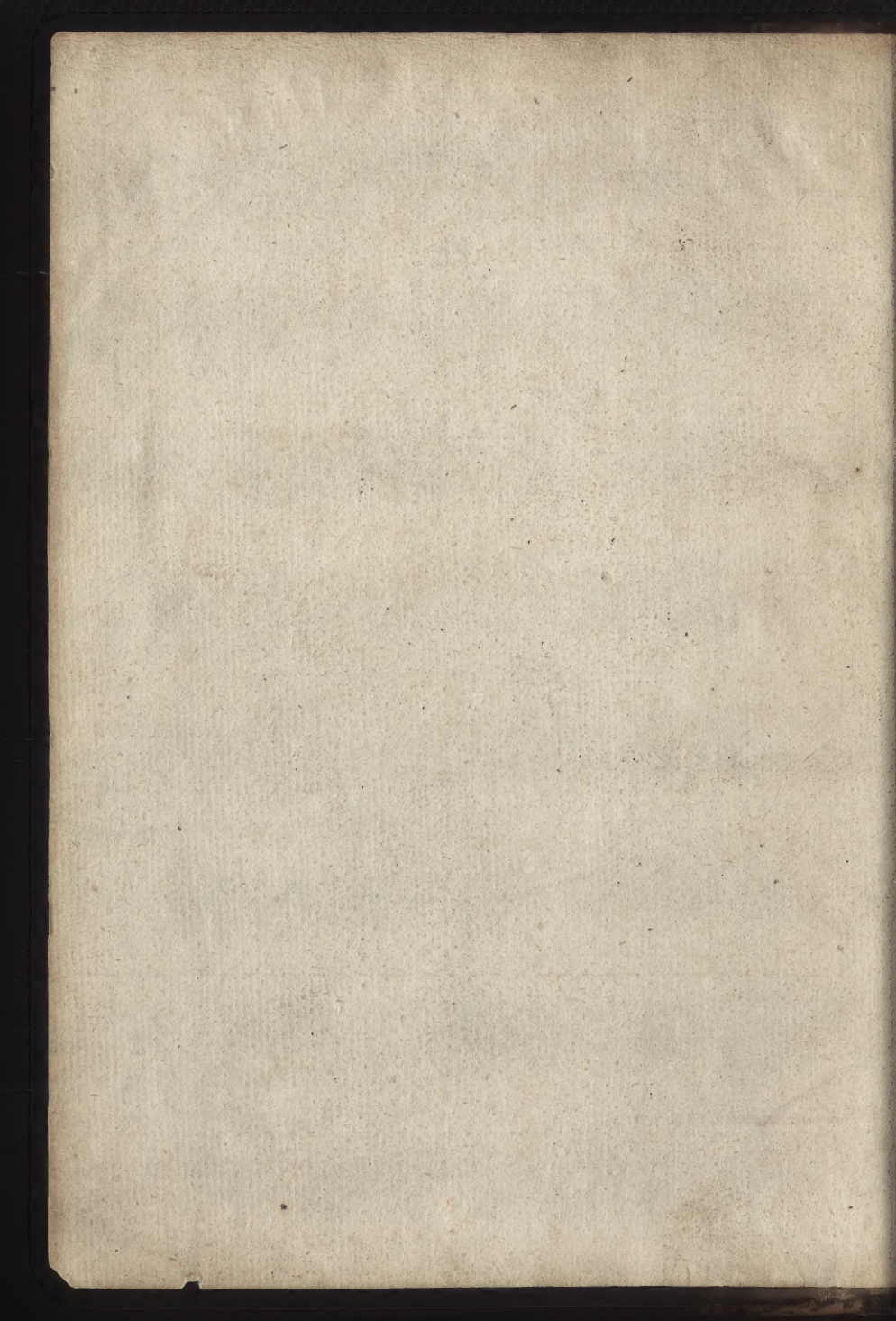




4 RRP



Silkwormes to be bound
together

A

26

Liber Fgidij Cays Sept 4. 1627.

T H E
Silkewormes, and
their Flies:

Lively described in verse, by T. M.
*a Countrie Farmar, and an ap-
prentice in Physicke.*

For the great benefit and enriching of England.



Printed at London by V. S. for Nicholas Ling, and
are to be sold at his shop at the West end of
Paules. 1599.

1812

T H E

new women, and

their lives

I have described in verse, by W. M.

in the volume, entitled

poems in rhyme

for the young and old

of the year 1812



Printed and sold by V. S. for N. J. J. J. J.

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To the most renowned Patronesse,
and noble Nurse of Learning
MARIE
Countesse of Penbrooke.

Great enuies Obiect, Worth & Wisedoms pride,
Natures delight, Arcadia's heire most fitte,
Vouchsafe a while to lay thy taske aside,
Let Petrarke sleep, giue rest to Sacred Writte,
Or bowe, or string will breake, if euer tied,
Some little pause aideth the quickest witte:
Nay, heau'ns themselves (though keeping stil their way)
Retrograde, and make a kind of stay.

I neither sing Achilles baneful ire,
Nor Man, nor Armes, nor Belly-brothers warres,
Nor Britaine broiles, nor citties drown'd in fire,
Nor Hectors woundes, nor Diomedes skarres,
Cease country Mule so highly to aspire:
Our Plaine beholds but cannot holde such starres:
Ioue-loued wittes may write of what they will,
But meaner I heams besee me a Farmers quill.

I sing of little Wormes and tender Flies,
Creeping along, or basking on the ground,
Gra't once with those thy heau'nly-humane eies,
Which neuer yet on meanest scholler frownd:
And able are this worke to eternise,
From East to West about this lower Round,
Deigne thou but breathe a sparke or little flame
Of likeing, to enlife for aye the same.

Your H. cuer most bounden.

T. M.

The Table.

| | | |
|----|---|---|
| 1 | When garments were first vsed. | Fol. 2 |
| 2 | Whereof garments were first made. | 3 |
| 3 | Diuers opinions how and when silke was first inuented and worne. | 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20. |
| 4 | Whether the Silke-worme or the Silke Flie were first created. | 21 22 23. |
| 5 | Whether the egge or the henne be first in nature. | 24 25 26 27. |
| 6 | Why the silke flies are onely of a white colour. | 28. |
| 7 | What day of the weeke they were first created. | 29 30 31. |
| 8 | The rare vertues and chastity of Silke Flies. | 27 28 33 38 |
| 9 | That they are not to be scornd as being little and therefore contemned creatures. | 34 35 36 37. |
| 10 | Their wonderful encrease and propagation. | 39 and 65 66. |
| 11 | Their manner of dying. | 40 66. |
| 12 | That their egges are more worth then the egges of any Flier : yea then the Philosophers egge, if there were any such. | 41 42 43 44 45 46 47. |
| 13 | Their egges must be kept in a temperate place. | 48. |
| 14 | They are not to be hatched til the Mulbery tree buds. | 50. |
| 15 | Why the Silke-wormes beeing crept out of the shel fee de onely vpon Mulbery leaues. | 51 52 53. |
| 16 | How long they feede : When their meate is to be gathered : In what quantity they are to be dicted. | 55. |
| 17 | That variety of meates is waught for them. | 56. |
| 18 | Their table is to be kept cleane. | ibid. |
| | How the sicke are discerned. | 59. |
| 19 | Of their sleepe: | ibid. |
| 20 | How they must be distributed when they grow great. | 57. |
| 21 | The causes of their sicknesse. | 59. |
| | Signes | 22 |

The Table.

- 22 Signes of their readinesse to worke, and how then they
must be vsed. 60.
23 How long they worke. 61.
24 When the wormes are metamorphosed into Flies. 61.
25 When and how their silke is to be winded vp. 61.
26 The sorts and vse of their silken threede. 63 64.
27 How their egges are to be preserued. 67.
28 That the silke of Silke-wormes is the best of al other. 68.
29 What profit and pleasure ariseth in keeping of them. 71 72 73 74.
30 Keeping of Silke-wormes hindereth neither Shep-
heards, Spinsters, Weauers, nor Clothiers. 75.

FINIS.






Faults escaped in Printing.

| page | line | fault | correction |
|------|------|--------------|------------|
| 5 | 11 | the | thy |
| 7 | 3 | euer | newer |
| 7 | 14 | courser | Courfers |
| 9 | 19 | private | Prinie |
| 17 | 3 | his | this |
| 17 | 13 | layes | laye |
| 19 | 2 | for h barfes | herfes |
| 27 | 4 | through | thorough |
| 29 | 10 | through | thorough |
| 48 | 2 | Emethean | Eryethean |
| 56 | 1 | us | as |
| 59 | 1 | I any | If any |
| 66 | 15 | dropc | drop |



 Of the Silke wormes
and their Flies.

 *Y dneian Muse*: if so thou yet remaine,
In brothers bowels, or in daughters breast,
Or art bequeath'd the *Lady of the plaine*,
Because for her thou art the fittest guest:
Whose worth to shew, no mortall can attaine,
Which with like worth is not himselſe poſſeſt:
Come help me ſing theſe flocks as white as milke,
That make, and ſpinne, and die, and windle ſilke.

For ſure I know thy knowledge doth perceiue,
What breth embreath'd theſe almoſt thingles things:
VWhat Artiſt taught their ſecte to ſpinne and weaue:
What workman made their ſlime a robe for kings,
How flies breed wormes, how wormes do flies con-
Fro natures womb, how ſuch a nature ſprings, (ceiue:
Whereof none can directly tell or reede,
Whether were firſt, the flie, the worme, or ſeede.

A time there was (ſweete heau'ns reſtore that time,)
When bodyes pure to ſpotleſſe ſoules firſt knit,
Deuoyd of guilt, and ignorant of crime,
Vpright in conſcience, and of harmeleſſe wit,
Diſdaind to weare a garment nere ſo fine,
As deeming coates and couers moſt vnfit,
Where nothing eie could ſee, or finger touch,
Which God himſelfe did not for good auouch.

Gen. 1. verſe 31.

Of the Silke wormes

Yea, when all other creatures looked base,
 As mindfull onely of their earthly foode:
 Or else as trembling to behold the place,
 Where iudge eternall fate, and Angels stood:
 Then humane eyes beheld him face to face,
 And cheekes vnstain'd with fumes of guiltie blood,
 Desir'd no maske to hide their blushing balles,
 But boldly gaz'd and pried on heau'nly walles.

The breast which yet had hatcht no badde conceit,
 Nor harbor'd ought in heart that God displeaz'd,
 Did it for silken waistcotes then intreate?
 Sought it with Tyrian silks to be appeaz'd?
 No, no, there was no neede of such a feate,
 Where all was sound, and members none diseaz'd:
 Nay more, The basest parts and seates of shame,
 Were seemely then, and had a comely name.

Gen. 3.

But when selfe-will and subtil creepers guile,
 Made man to lust, and taste what God torbad,
 Then seem'd we to our selues so foule and vile,
 That straight we wisht our bodies to be clad,
 Seeing without, and in such great defile,
 As rest our wittes, and made vs al so mad:
 That we resembled melancholique hares,
 Or startling stagges, whom euerie shadow scares.
 Then

and their Flies.

3

Then Bedlam-like to woods wee ranne apace,
Praying each tree to lend vs shade or leaues,
Wherewith to hide (if fought might hide) our face
From his al-seeing eyes, who al perceaues,
And with ful-brandisht sword pursues the chace,
Traitors of rest, of shade, and al bereaues:

Permitting men with nothing to be clad,
But shame, dispaire, guilt, feare, and horror sad.

These robes our parents first were deckt withal,
Then fig tree fannes vppon their shame they wore:
Next, skinnes of beasts, (to shew their beastly fall)
Then, hairy cloathes, and wooll from Baa-lambs tore,
Last, Easterne wittes, from mane of Camels tall,
Made water-waued stufte vnseene before,

Plin. lib. 11. c. 4.

10. & lib. 24.

cap. 12.

But til the flood had sinners swept away,
Nor Flaxe, nor Silke, did sinful man array.

For so it seemed iust to Iustice eyen,
Defiled men to weare polluted things:
And Rebels not to clothe in Flaxe or line,
Which from the sacred loines of *Vesta* spring,
Cleane, knotlesse, straight, spotlesse, vpright, and fine,
VVhose floure is like flue heau'nly-azurd wings,
Whose slime is salue, whose seed is holsum food,
whose rinde is cloth, whose stuble seru's for wood

Plin. lib. de Isida

& Osir.

B 2

Or

Of the Silke wormes.

¹
A most famous
spinner in Lydi-
a, of whom Ovid
6 metam.

Or if 1 *Arachne* erst made sisters threed,
Was it thinke you, for euery man to weare?
Or onely for the sacrificers weede,
VWho of th'immortall priest a type did beare?
Wearing not aught that sprang from brutish seed,
But what from out it selfe the earth did reare:
So that till holy priesthood first began,
VVe neuer reade that linnen clothed man.

Exodus 28.

²
Orpheus a most
famous Poet.
Ovid 11. met.

Yet some conceiue when 2 *Theban* singer wanne,
VWood-wandering wights to good and ciuill life,
(Which erst with beares and wolues in desarts ran,
Knowing no name of God, law, house, or wife).
That then his brother *Linus* first began
The Flaxmans craft (a secret then vnriue)
Deuising beetles, hackels, wheeles, and frame,
Wherwith to bruse, touse, spin & weaue the same.

But Silke (whereon my louing Muze now stand)
Was it the offspring of our shallow braine?
Spunne with these fingers foule? these filthy hands,
Tainted with bloud, reuenge, and wrongful gaine?
Ah no, who made and numbreth all the sands,
Wil teach vs soone that fancie to be vaine:
Farre be it from our thoughts, that sinfull sence,
Should make a thing of so great excellence.

Ne

and their Flies.

5

Ne neede wee yet with i *Tuscan* Prelate flie,
To fictions strange, or wanton *Venus* eyen:
Who seeing *Pallas* taught from *Saturne* hie,
To clothe her selfe and hers with weaued line,
Yea all the Nymphs and Goddesses in skie,
To weare long stoles of Lawne and Cambrick fine:
Fretted to see her selfe and boy new borne,
Left both to heau'n and earth an open scorne.

1
Hieronimus vi-
da, Bishop of
Alba, lib. 1. de
Sombyce-

Reuenge she cri'de vnto the fire of *Ioue*,
As she lay hidde vnder th' *Idalian* tree:
Affoord some rayment from the house about,
If but to hide the shame of mine and mee.
So may thou learne from vs *The art of Loue*,
Whereby to winne each Ladies heart to thee.
But grumbling Chuff reiected still her prayre,
Whereat lamented heau'ns and weeping aire.

Then *Cyprian* Queene perceiuing that no cries
Could pierce the leaden eares of sullen *Sire*,
Straight lodg'd her sonne in faire 2 *Phillyraes* cies,
And caus'd him thence to darte vppe such a fire,
As had consum'd the very starres and skies,
Yea melted *Saturnes* wheelles with hot desire:
Vnlesse that very houre he had come downe,
And beg'd her aide, on whom he late did frowne.

2
Oenams his
daughter, a
most braue vir-
gin, Ouid 6 met.

B 3

How

Of the silke wormes

How often, as his loue on *Pelion* hill
 Stoopt downe to gather herbs for wounds and sores,
 Strew'd he before her *Tutsan*, *Balme*, and *Dill*,
 Long *Plantaine*, *Hysope*, *Sage*, and *Comfrey* moares:
 Offring besides, the art and perfect skill,
 Of healing bloudy wounds and festred coares:
 How oft (I say) did he each day descend,
 And boorelesse al his vowes and wooings spend:

He lou'd, she loath'd, he liked, she disdain'd:
 He came, she turn'd, he prest, she ranne away,
 Neither by words, nor gifts shee could be gain'd,
 (For onely in her eies the Archer lay)
 Regarding nought but (wherein she was train'd)
 VVounds how to cure, and smartings to allay:
 As for the wound of Loue, she felt it none,
 And therefore litle heeded *Saturns* mone.

Thus thus perplext the chiefe and grauest God,
 (Or rather God supposd of highest place)
 Tought now, nay throughly scourg'd with *Cupids*
 Sent from the eyes but of a mortal face, (rodde,
 Flewe downe forthwith where *Venus* made abode,
 And prostrate lying at her feete for grace:
 Promis'd the richest clothing for her Art,
 That now she did, or could desire in hart.

VVho

and their Flies.

7

VWho carelesse of reuenge, and innely grieved,
(True beauty aye is ful of rueful mone)
VWas euer wel til *Saturne* was releeu'd,
His inward griefes asswag'd, & sorrowes gone,
And finding him, of hope, and helpe, bereau'd,
(For still *Phillira* was more hard then stone)
Sith that, quoth she, the virgin scorns thy loue,
Try whether craft and force wil make her moue.

Transforme thy selfe into a Courser brane,
(VVhat cannot loue transforme it selfe into?)
Feede in her walkes: and in a moment haue
VVhat thou hast woo'd to haue with much adooc:
VVhereto, consent the auncient Suter gaue,
In courser clothes, learning a maide to wooc,
Filling ech wood with neighs and wihyes shrill,
VVhilst he posselt his loue against her will.

For lesson which, his Mistris to requite,
Not with vaine hopes in lieu of friendly deeds,
By *Maiae's* 1 sonne (before it grew to night)
He sent a Napkin ful of little seeds,
Tane from the tree where *Thisbes* soule did light,
To make her selfe and boy farre brauer weeds,
Than *Pallas* had, or any of the seu'n,
Yea, then proud *Iuno* ware the Queene of heau'n.
VVithal

*I Mercurius,
postmaster to
Iupiter.*

Of the Silke wormes

Withall, by him he sent the mysterie
 Of weauing silke, which he himselfe had found,
 When chac'd from heau'n by sonnes owne trechery,
 Hee was compel'd to wander here on ground,
 Where, in the depth of griefe and pouertie,
 The heigh and depth of Arts he first did sound:
 Yet would he this to none but her reuale,
 By whose deuise hee did *Phillyra* steale.

What? shall we thinke, that silke was a reward:
 Bestow'd on craftie dame for aide vniust?
 Would men, may, ought they haue such hie regard,
 Of that which was the lone and hire of lust?
 Not so, what ere th' Italian Bishop dar'd
 To faipe for true, and giue it out with trust:
 Yet such silke robes the blessed High-priest wore,
 They were not sure the first fruits of a whore.

¹
Plinius Secun-
dus, lib. II. cap. 2

²
Called Pamphi-
a, a most prince-
ly Damsell,

Vespasians 1 Scribe affirmes in *Cean Ile*,
Latois 2 daughter, quicke of eye and wit,
 Hunting abroad, times trauaile to beguile,
 Chaunc'd at the length vnder a tree to sile,
 Where many silken bottoms hangd in piles,
 One by another plac't in order sit.

Shee tooke one downe, and with her faulcon eye,
 Found out the end that did the rest yntie.

Looke

and their Flies.

9

Looke how the hungry Lambe doth friske and play,
With restlesse taile, and head, and euery limbe,
When it hath met his mother gone astray,
Who absent blear'd and tear'd as much for him:
Or as *Aurora* leapes at breake of day,
Seeing her louely brother rise so trim,
No lesse that Princeesse triumph't (if not more)
Finding out that which was not found before.

Loues Schoolemaster records a tale most sweete,
Of louers two that dwelt at *Babylon*,
Equall of age, in worth and beautie meete,
Each of their sex the floure and paragon,
Next neighbours borne on side of selfesame streete,
For twixt their parents houses dwelled none,
Him *Pyramus*, her *Thisbe* men did call,
Coupled in heart, though seuered by a wall.

1 *Onid lib. 4.*
Metam.

As neighbours children, oft they talke and view,
That neighbourship was formost stepp to loue,
Loue, which (like priuate plants) in short time grew,
Pales, wals, and eues, yea houses and all about,
Nay Hymencus feasts were like t' ensue,
And sacred hands giue ring and wedding glouc,
Had not vnhappy parents that forbad,
Which to forbid, no cause but wil, they had.

C

If

Of the Silke wormes

If louers spake, it was now all by lookes,
 None deign'd or durst be trouchman to their mind,
 Paper was barr'd, and penne, and inke, and bookes,
 Not any helpe these parted prisoners find,
 But of a rift along the wal that crookes,
 (A wall of flint, yet more then parents, kind)
 Which, were it old or new, none it espies,
 But louers quicke, al-corner-searching eyes,

This rift they vsde, not onely as a glasse,
 Wherein to see daily each others face,
 But eke through it their voyces hourelly passe,
 In whispring murmurs with a stealing pace:
 Sometimes when they no longer durst (alas) (place,
 Send whisprings through, when keepers were in
 Yet would they shift to blow through it a breath,
 Which fed & kept their hoping harts from death.

Enuious wal (sayd they) what wrong is this?
 Why doth not loue or pittie make thee sal?
 Or (if that be for vs too great a blisse)
 Why is thy rift so narrow and so small,
 As to deny kind loue a kindly kisse?
 For which we neuer proue vnthankful shal,
 Although in truth we owe inough to thee,
 Giuing our eyes and voyce a way so free.

In

and their Flies.

11

In vaine thus hauing plained in place distinct,
 When night approacht, they ech bad ech adew,
 Kissing their wal apart where it was chinckt,
 Whence louely blasts and breathings mainly flew:
 But kisses staide on eithers side fast linckt,
 Seal'd to the wal with lips and Louers glue:

For though they were both thick and many cake,
 Yet thicker was the wal that did them breake.

Rose-fingred Dame no sooner had put out
 Nights twinckling fires and candles of the skie,
 Nor *Phæbus* ² brought his trampling steeds about,
 Whose breath dries vp the teares of *Vestaes* ³ eie,
 But swift and soft, without all noyse or showt,
 To wonted place they hasten secretly,

Where midst a many words muttred that day,
 Next midnights watch, each voves to steale away.

¹ The morning,
Homer. Iliad. 4.

² The Sunne.
³ The earth.

And lest when hauing house and cittie past,
 They yet might erre in fields, and neuer meete,
 At *Ninus* ⁴ tombe their *Rendes-vous* is plac't,
 Vnder the Mulb'ry white, and hony-sweete:
 Growing hard by a spring that ranne at waste,
 With streames more swift then speedy ⁵ *Isters* feete.

There they agreed in spite of spite to stand,
 Whē ⁶ Monarchs teame had past ⁷ *Bootes* hand.

⁴ Which was
 without the
 gates of Babilon,
 towards the for-
 rest. *Sabell. En-*
neiad. l. cap. 6.

⁵ The swift ri-
 uer of Donowe.
⁶ The Charles
 waine.

⁷ The great star
 following *Vespa-*
mior.

Of the Silke wormes

Consent they did, and day consented too,
 Whose Coach ranne downe the seas in greater hast,
 Then euer it was wont before to doo,
 Loue-louing night approached eke so fast,
 That darknesse leapt, ere twilight seem'd to go,
 Wherat though some gods frown'd, some were
 Yet *Lethes* 1 brother did the louers keepe, (agast,
 Chaining their guard with long and heauy sleep.

1 Sleep the bro-
 ther of forget-
 fulnesse. *Cic. lib.*
de nar. deorum.

How feately then vnsparr'd she the doore?
 How silent turn'd it on the charmed cheekes?
 And being scap't, how glad was she therefore?
 How soone arriu'd where she her fellow seekes?
 Loue made her bold, loue gaue her swiftnesse more
 Then vsually is found in weaker sexe,
 But all in vaine: nay rather to her ill,
 For haste made waste, and speede did speeding kil.

The grisly wife of brutish monarch strong,
 With new slaine prey, full panch'd to the chinne,
 Foming out bloud, came ramping there along,
 To siluer spring, her thirst to drowne therein,
 Wherat the fearefull maide in posting slung,
 (For 2 *Lucines* eye bewrayde the Empresse grimme)
 Into a secret caue: and flying, lost
 A scarfe (for *Pyrams* sake) beloued most.

1 The Moone
 shine.

When

When sauage Queene had wel her thirst delayde,
 In cooling streames, and quenched natures fire,
 Returning to the place where late she prayde,
 To eate the rest when hunger should require,
 In peeces tore the scarfe of haplesse maide,
 With bloody teeth, and fire flaming ire,
 Whilst she (poore soule) in caue plaid least in sight,
 Fearing what should her loue befall that night.

Who comming later then by vow he should,
 Perceiu'd a Lions footsteps in the sand,
 Whereat with face most pale, and heart as cold,
 With trembling feare tormented he doth stand.
 But when he sawe her scarfe (wel knowne of old)
 Embru'd with bloud, and cast on either hand?
 O what a sigh he fetcht: how deepe he gron'd:
 And thus, if thus: yea, thus he inly mon'd.

Shalt thou alone die matelesse, *Thisbe* mine?
 Shall not one beast be butcher to vs both?
 What is my *Thisbe* rest of life and shine?
 And shal not *Pyram* life and shining loath?
 Mine is the cursed soule, the blest is thine,
 Thou kep'st thy vow, I falsified mine oath,
 I came too late, thou cam'st (alas) too soone,
 Too dangerous standing, by a doubtfull moone.

Of the Silke wormes

O Lions fierce (or if ought fiercer be,
 Amongst the heards of woody outlawes fell)
 Rent, rent in twaine this thrife-accursed me:
 From out your paunch conuey my soule to hell:
 Whose murthering slouth, and not the sisters three,
 Did *Thisbe* sweete, sweete *Thisbe* fowly quell:
 But cowards onely call & wish for death,
 Whilst valiant hearts in silence banish breath.

Then stooping, straight he took his scarfe from ground,
 And bare it with him to th'appoynted place,
 Kissing it oft, warring each rent and wound,
 With thousand teares, that trailing ranne apace.
 Salt teares they were, sent from his eyes vnfound,
 Yea saltier then the sweate of Oceans face:
 At last (hauing vnsheath'd his fatall blade)
 Thus gan he cry, as life beganne to fade.

Hold earth, receiue a draught eke of my bloud,
 (And therewith lean'd vppon his sword amaine)
 Then falling backward from the crimson floud,
 Which spowted forth with such a noyle and straine,
 As water doth, when pipes of lead or wood,
 Are goog'd with punch, or cheesill slit in twaine,
 Whistling in th'ayre, & breaking it with blowes,
 Whilst heauie moysture vpward forced flowes.

The

The Mulb'ry strait (whose fruit was erst as white
As whitest Lilly in the fruitfullst field) —
Was then and euer since in purple dight,
Yea euen the roote no other staine doth yeeld,
With blackish gore being watted all that night,
In morneful sort, which round about it wheel'd,
Onely her leaues retaind their former hue,
As nothing toucht with death of lower true.

No sooner was hee false, and falling, freed
Of perfit sence: but she scarce rid of feare,
Returns againe to standing fore agreed,
Not dreaming that her loue in kenning were,
Her feete, her eyes, her heart and tongue made speed,
To vtter all things lately hapned there,
And how she scap't the Lionesses clawes,
By letting fall a scarfe to make her pawse.

But when she vewd the newly-purpled face
Of Berries white: that changing chang'd her mind,
New signes perswade her, that is not the place,
By either part to meete in fore assign'd.
Thus doubting whilst she stood a little space,
She heard a fluttering carried with the winde,
And viewed somewhat shake in quivering wise,
Which strait reuok't hir feete, but more her eies.
Her

Of the Silke wormes

Her lippes grew then more pale then palest Boxe,
 Her cheekes resembled Ashwood newly feld,
 Graynesse surpriz'd her yellow amber locks,
 Not any part their liuely lustre held:
 Yea euen her vent'rous heart but faintly knocks,
 Now vp, now downe, now false, now vainly sweld,
 Tost like a shippe when 1 *Cornus* rageth most,
 That ankers hath, and masts and master lost.

1 One of the
 Northwest
 winds.

But when she knew her faithfull fellow slaine,
 O how she shrikt and bruz'd her guiltlesse arme,
 Tearing her haire, renting her cheekes in vaine,
 On outward parts, reuenging inward harmes,
 Making of teares and bloud a mingled raine,
 Wherewith she *Pyram* drencht, & then thus charmes:
 Speake loue, O speake, how hapned this to thee?
 Part, halfe, yea all of this my soule and mee,

Sweete loue, reply, it is thy *Thisbe* deare,
 She cries, O heare, she speakes, O answere make:
 Rowse vp thy sprights: those heauie lookers cheere,
 At which sweete name hee seemed halfe awake,
 And eyes with death opprest, againe to cleere.
 He eyes her once, and eying leaue doth take,
 Euen as faire *Bellis* 2 winkes but once for all,
 When winters 3 vther hastneth summers fall.

2 The white
 Daify.

3 Haruest.

When

When afterwards she found her scarfe al rent,
His iu'ory sheath voide eke of rapier gilt:
And hath his hand (quoth she) thy soule hence sent?
And was this bloud by this thy rapier spilt?
Vnhappy I:but I no more lament,
But follow thee euen to the vtmost hilt.

I was the cause of al thy hurt and crosse,
Hold, take me eke a partner of thy losse.

Whom onely death could from me take away,
Shal death him take from me against my will?
Not so, his power cannot *Thisbe* staye:
Who euen in death wil follow *Pyram* still,
His blade (yet warme) then to her brest she lays,
And false thereon thus cri'de with crying shrill:
Parents vniust which vs deny'd one bed,
Enuy vs not one toomb when we be dead.

And al you heau'nly hostes allot the same:
And thou O tree, which couerest now but one
(One too too hot, for i so imports his name)
But couer shalt two carcasses anone:
Weare signes of bloud from both our harts that came
In mourning weed our mischiefes euer mone.
She dead: Tree, Sires, & Gods gaue what she praide,
Black growes the fruit, and they together laide.

*i Pyramus fig-
nifieth as much
as fiery.*

D

Since

Of the Silke wormes

1 *Natal. Com.*
lib. vlt. Mytho.

Since which time eke some other (1) Authors faine,
 Their humming soules about these haplesse trees,
 To be transported from th'Elyfian plaine,
 Into the snowy milke-white Butterflies:
 Whose feedes when life and moouing they obtain,
 How e're they spare the fruit of Mulberies,
 Leaue yet no leaues vntorne that may be seene,
 Because they onely still continude greene.

2 *Egge-like.*

Yet that there might remaine some *Pyramis*,
 And euerlasting shrine of *Pyrams* loue,
 When leaues are gone, and summer waining is,
 The little creepers neuer cease to moue,
 But day and night (placing in toyle their blisse)
 Spinne silke this tree beneath and eke aboue:
 Leauing their ouall (2) bottoms there behind,
 To shewe the state of eu'ry Louers mind.

For as in forme they are not wholly round,
 As is the perfit figure of the skie,
 So perfit loue in mortals is not found,
 Some little warts or wants in all we spie,
 Nay eu'n as fine and course silke there abound,
 The best beneath, the worst rold vp more hie,
 So sometimes lust o're-lieth honest loue,
 Happy the hand that keeps it from aboue.

Againe, as these fine troupes themselves deuoure,
 Spinning but silken hharfes for their death:
 VWhich done, they dye therein, (by Natures power
 Transform'd to flies that scarce draw one months
 So louers sweet is mingled stil with lower, (breath)
 Such happe aboue proceeds or vnderneath,
 That still we make our loue our winding sheete,
 VVhilst more we loue, or hotter then is meete.

Others (1) report, there was and doth remaine
 A neighbour (2) people to the *Scythian* tall,
 Twixt *Taurus* mount and *Tabor* fruitful plaine,
 Most iust of life, of fare and diet, smal,
 Louers of peace, haters of strife and gaine,
 Graye ey'd, redde cheek't, and amber-headed all,
 Resembling rather Gods then humane race,
 Such grace appeard in words, in deeds, and face.

1 *Plin. lib. 6.*

cap. 17.

2 Called *Sever*.

VVhose righteous life and iustice to requite,
 (Whether with wind or raine, no man doth know)
 God sent vnto them silke-wormes infinite,
 In Aprils wane when buds the mulb'ry flow,
 Which here and there in euery corner light,
 With sixe white feete and body like to snow:
 Eating each leafe of that renown'd tree,
 The matter of these silken webbes we see.

D 2

These

Of the Silke wormes

These webbs for wares they on their coast exchange:
 For alien none must come into the Land,
 T'infest their people with religions strange,
 And file their temples with polluted hand:
 Neither do they to other nations range,
 New fashions, rites or manners t'understand:
 Better they haue at home, where euery slaue
 Weares silks as rich as here our Princes braue.

These be the tales that Poetizers sing,
 Of Silken -worme, and of their seed and meate:
 Sweete, I confesse, and drawn from 1 Helique spring,
 Full of delighting change, and learning greate,
 Yet, yet, my Muse dreames of another thing,
 And listeth not of fictions to entreate.
 Saye then (my Ioye) say then, and shortly reede,
 whē silke was made, & how these silkworms breed.

*1 ¶¶ herof only
 the muses drinke,
 as Poets imagine.*

Was it think'st thou found out by industry?
 Inspir'd by vision or some Angells word,
 When first the name of sacred Maiesty,
 Was giuen from heau'n to 2 Salems priest and Lord?
 Did not before tenne thousand Silk-worms lye,
 And hang on euery tree their little cord?
 Yes, but (like Hebrues harps on Babels plaine)
 Vntoucht and vse-lesse there it hang'd in vaine.
 Before,

2 Melchisedec.

Before, most men liu'd, either naked quite,
Or courfly clad in some beasts skinne or hide:
The best were but in linnen garments dight,
Wherein themselues the greatest men did pride:
Yea afterward in time of greatest light,
When chiefe Baptizer preach't in desert wide,
Where said he, silken robes were to be sought,
But in kings courts ? for whome they first were
(wrought.

Mat. 13.

Though whether worme or flye were formed first,
No man so right can tel as wrong presume:
Yet this I hold. Till all things were accurst,
Nothing was borne it selfe for to consume.
No Caterpillers then which venture durst,
To rauish leaues, or tender buddees to plume:
For onely life and beauty liu'd in trees,
Til falling man caus'd them their leaues to leese.

The earthly heards and winged posts of skye,
And eu'ry thing that mou'd on Eden ground,
Fed first on hearbs (as Duke of *Horeb* hie,
Author of Natures story most profound,
Sets downe to vs for perfit verity,
(Gaines aide of none but fooles and wittes vnfound)
When for mans foode trees eke allotted were,
Which from themselues, did fruit or berries beare.

1 Moses.

Gen. 2. verse 29

Of the filke wormes

Durst then the finest worme but touch the meate,
 Or dish which for his soueraigne was ordain'd:
 Durst they figges, nuts, pearces, plummes or mulb'ries
 Before their lord with treaso foule was stain'd? (eate
 No certs no, but when ambitious heate,
 Reuok't the blisse which sinnelesse Sire had gain'd:
 Then wormes in common fed with vs, and tore
 Our trees, our fruits, yea eu'n our selues therefore.

1 Herod.

Act. 12.

2 Antiochus E-
 piphanes.

3 Plaso, who di-
 ed eaten of lice,
 as Diogenes La-
 ertius writeth.

Say Romanes: heau'nly-humane (1) Orator,
 Whose words dropt sweeter then *Hymettus* dewe:
 Say (2) *Salems* scourge and *Iudaes* tormentor,
 Whose very name doth pomp and glory shewe:
 Say 3 thou whose writtes men as diuine adore,
 Inspir'd from heau'n with knowledge giuen to few:
 What are you now? what liuing were you then
 But worms repast, though wise and mighty men?

Foule-footed bird, that neuer sleepest well |
 Nor fully, but on highest perch do'st breathe:
 Whose outward shrieks bewray an inward hell,
 Whose glistring plumes are but a painted sheathe:
 Whose taile, though it with pride so lofty swel,
 Yet hides it not thy blacknesse vnderneath.

Tell me: what hast thou got by climbing thus,
 But to thy selfe a shame, and losse to vs?

To

To vs alone? nay stowtest Okes likewise,
 Hard-harted willowes by the water side,
 Sweete Cedar wood which some thinke neuer dies,
 And 1 Daphnes tree though greene in winters tide, 1 The Bay.
 Yea stone, and Steele, and things of highest prize,
 From natures womb that flow in greatest pride:
 What are they al but meate for wormes and rust:
 Two due reuengers of ambitious lust.

Before thou wast, were Timber-worms in price,
 And sold for equal weight of purest gold:
 Fed 3 creeping birds one barke-deuouring lice:
 Were silk-worms from 4 *Scirinda* brought and sold:
 Deuoured they the leaues of tree most 5 wise,
 With fury such as now we do behold:
 Rather beleuee as yet they were not borne,
 Or onely fed on grasse, on hearbs, or corne.

For fith their chiefeſt vſe is to arraye
 This little breathing duſt when time requires,
 VVith gallant guards and broydred garments gaye,
 VVith ſcarfs, vales, hoodes, and other ſoft attires:
 VVhoſe ſenſe from ſenſe is fled ſo farre away?
 Whoſe mind to beare ſo wrong a thought conſpires,
 As once to deeme theſe Silken-mercens ſent,
 VVhen nakedneſſe was mans chiefe ornament?

But

2 Called Coſſi,
 which being ſar,
 were counted
 a moſt dainie
 diſh in Rome.
 Cal. Sec. lib. 28.
 An. Jeſt.
 3 Timiſe.
 4 The firſt and
 principall place
 whence they
 were brought
 into Europe.
 Polyd. virg. lib.
 11. de imens.
 &c.
 5 The Mulbery
 is called the wi-
 ſeſt tree, becauſe
 it neuer buddeth
 ſill all danger of
 cold be gone.

Of the filke wormes

But sith they are, and therefore framed were,
Which first was fram'd: the egge? the worme? or flie?
No doubt the flie, as plainly shall appeare,
To all that haue but an indiff'rent eye, (beare,
Though twoo i great Clarks contrary thoughts did
And sentence gaue, without iust reason why,
That egges were made before the hardie Cocke
Beganne ro tread, or brooding henne to clocke.

*i Euangelus in
Macrobius lib. 4.
sat. cap. 3. &
Firmus in Plu-
tarch. lib. 2. symp
quest. 3.*

Pretend they did, that least and simplest things,
(Which none train'd vp in reasons schoole gain say)
Of things compounded are the formost springs,
Eu'n as a lump of rude and shapelesse clay,
Into the mould a Moulder cunning brings,
And by degrees compels it to obey:
Forming by art what he in mind fore-thought,
Out of a masse that iust resembled nought.

So eke though egges seeme things confused quite,
And farre vnlike what afterwards they prooue:
Yet formost place they challenge by their right,
For who e're saw a cock or henne to mooue,
Till first they came from out the yolke and white,
And time, and heate, and place, and sitters loue,
Had formed out a nature from the same,
Deseruing wel anothers natures name?

Springs

Springs not from egges that huge 1 Leuiathan,
The Tortesse eke, and bloudy Crocodile?
Fish, Lyzards, Snakes, and 2 Skippers African,
VVhose hurtful armies waste the coasts of Nile?
Nay if with one fitte word the world we scanne,
May it obtaine a fitter name or stile,

1 The VV hale

2 Locusts or
grasshoppers.

Then that we should a common egge it call,
VVhich giueth life and forme and stuffe to all:

Nay, did not once that cheerefull brooding sp'rite,
Before the earth receiued forme or place,
Sitte closely like a henne both warme and light,
Vpon the waing nest of mingled masse,
VVhilst yet nights torches had obtain'd no light
Nor Sunne as yet in circled rounds did passe?

Gen. 1. verse 2.

Yes, yes: the words are so apparant plaine,
That to deny them, were but labour vaine.

These some do vse with other arguments,
To proue that seede and egges were first in time.
VVrested from quires of sacred Testaments,
And those of heathen wittes the chiefe and prime:
VVhich for authentique held by long descents,
If I gaine say, perhaps may seeme a crime:

Yet rather would I carry crime and scorne,
Then falsely thinke, imperfect things first borne.

E

For

Of the Silke wormes

For reason faith, and sense doth almost sweare,
 Natures entire to be created furst:
 Bodies t'haue beene before the members were,
 The sound before the sicke, the whole, the burst,
 That confidence had time when lacked feare,
 That blessed state fore-went the state accurst:
 Briefely, al bodyes that begotten beene,
 Were not before created bodies seene.

Now what are seedes and egges of wormes or foule,
 But recrements of preexisting things,
 The bodies burden voyd of life and soule?
 Yea, from them selues corruption onely springs,
 Vnlesse by brooders heate (as from the whole)
 They changed be to belly, feete, or wings:
 Resembling them now metamorphosed,
 In, by, and from whose essence they were bred.

Diphilus and Senecio, their arguments against Firmus and Euangelus, of whom as large in Macrobius and Plutarke.

Yea, vsual phrase such dreames confuteth quite,
 For neuer man, *this is an egges henne* layd,
 But *this a hennes egge is*, shewing aright,
 That egges are things by former natures layde,
 Begotte of mingled seede by day or night,
 Neither with skinne, nor shell, nor forme arrayd,
 Till long they haue abode in natures nest,
 And wearied womb be with their weight oppressd

A.

Againe, to thinke that seede was made before,
The substance whence it is ingendered,
(Namely from out much nutritimental store,
Through excesse of humours persfited)
Or else to ghesse it formed was of yore,
Ere pipes were laid through which it should be shed,
What is it but to dreame of day or night,
E're darknesse were, or any shew of light?

Sith eke all winged creatures by one day,
Are elder then the heards that crawle and creepe,
Conclude with truth and confidence wee may,
All flies were made ere wormes beganne to peepe,
Both they which all day long at bafe do play,
And night once come, do nothing else but sleepe,
And these which onely liue to leaue a seede,
From whence the neuer-idle spinsters breede.

*Gen. I. verse 20
& 24.*

Silke-flies I meane, which not one breast alone,
But all throughout, on head, wings, sides, and feete,
Besides pure white, else colour carry none,
For creatures pure, a colour thought most meete,
Martial'd the first of all in glorious throne,
Whereon shall sit the Lord and Sauour sweete,
Who with tenne thousand Angels all in white,
Shal one day iudge the world with doom vpright

E 2 No

Of the Silke wormes

No spotte on them, as els on eu'ry flye,
 Bycause in them no follies euer grew,
 No crimson redde doth for reuengement crye,
 No wauering watchet, where al harts be true:
 No yellow, where there is no Iealousie:
 No labour lost, and therefore voide of blue:
 No peachy marke to signifie disdain,
 No greene to shew a wanton mind and vaine.

No oreng colour, where there wants despight,
 No tawny sadde, where none forsaken be:
 No murry, where they couet nought but light,
 No mourning black, where al reioyce with glee:
 In brieft, within, without, they are al white,
 Wearing alone the badge of chastity:
 Bycause they onely keepe themselues to one,
 Who being dead, another chuse they none.

True Turtles mine, begotten with the breath,
 Not of a lewd lasciuious mortal *Ioue*: (death,
 Whose lawe was lust, whose life was worse then
 VVhose incests did defile both wood and groue,
 But with the breath of him who vnderneath
 Rules *Stigian* king, and heau'nly hosts about,
 Assist me if I erre in setting forth
 Your birth dayes story, and surpassing worth.
Assuone

As soone as light obtain'd a fixed seate,
 (which equally was first spread ouer all,
 Giuing alike, both glistring, shine, and heate,
 To euery place of this inferiour ball)
 Two master-lamps appear'd in welkin great,
 Th'one king of day, whom Poets *Phæbus* call,
 And th'other *Phæbe*, soueraigne of the night,
 Twinnes at one instant bred and borne of light.

Genesi. 1.

Him heau'nly Martiall high, in Pallace plac't,
 Built all of cleere and through-shining gold,
 With columnes chrysolite most brauely grac't,
 And flaming rubies, glorious to behold,
 Wearing about his yellow-amber wast,
 A sloping belt, with studs twise six times told,
 Wherein were grau'n most artificially,
 Twelue stately 1 Peeres of curious imagery.

1 The twelve
 signes in the zodiacke.

About him, as in royall Coach hee fate,
 Attended Houre, Day, Minute, Month, and yeare,
 Spring, Summer, Haruest, Winter, Morning, Fate,
 With Instancie, who then was driuer there,
 Whipping his fiery steedes from 2 *Libraes* gate,
 Not suffering them to stand still any where,
 Saue once in *Gibeon* when fise kings were slaine,
 By first-made 3 Champiõ with their faithles train.

2 For it was
 when fise harness
 and not spring-
 time, as the vul-
 gar sort do hold.
 3 Iosua cap. 10.

E 3

His

Of the Silke wormes

His sisters court built al of siluer tri'de,
 And Iu'ory charret set with Diamons,
 Embost with Orient pearles on either side,
 Wheeld al with Saphires, shod with Onyx stones,
 Declar'd in what great pompe she first did ride
 Amongst the other twinckling Paragons,
 Before her honour suffred an eclipse,
 Through serpents guile, and womans greedy lips.

Her handmaids then were perpetuity,
 Constant proceeding, and continuance:
 No shew of change or mutability
 Could iustly then themselues in her aduance:
 Her face was ful and faire continually
 Not altering once her shape or countenance, (made,
 Till those lights chang'd for whom al lights were
 And with whose fall the heau'ns began to fade.

¹ Oceanus is the
 king, & his wife
 Thetis is count-
 ned the Queene
 of the seas.
² The Lady of
 the riuers.

Yet still on her wait (¹) *Ocean* and his wife,
Nais (²) the faire, and al the watry crue,
 Nights, Riuers, Flouds, Springs, hauing else no strife,
 Then who may formost proffer seruice due:
 Bloud, choller, phlegme, (the rootes and sappe of life)
 Are at her beck, waining or springing new,
 According as from throne celestiall,
 She deignes to shine in measure great or small.

When

When they were crowned now in royall thrones,
 And entred in their first and happiest race,
 Amongst those glistering pointed Diamons,
 Which cut out times proportion, lotte, and space:
 Behold the earth with heavy burden grones,
 And praies them both to eie and rue her case:
 And with their friendly hands and meeding art,
 To hasten that which ready was to part.

For eu'n next morne the *All-creating Sire*
 Had sent abroad, I know not I, what word:
 Much like to this, *Let Sea and earth conspire*
All winged troupes the world for to afford:
 Wherewith the aire: euen to the desert fire,
 Was so with great and little flyers stor'd,
 That none but winged people sawe the cies,
 Of any star or planet in the skies.

Gen. 1.

1 So called by
 Pyndarus, be-
 cause nothing
 liues in it.

O how it ioyes my hart and soule to thinke
 Vpon the blessed state of that same daye?
 When at a word, a nodde, yea at a winke,
 At once flew out these winged gallants gay,
 Tide each to each in such a friendly linke,
 That eu'n the least did with the greatest playe:
 The doue with hawks, the chickens with the kite.
 Fearlesse of wrong, rage, cruelty, or spite.

Perr

Of the Silke wormes

Pert marlins then no grudge to larkes did beare,
 Fierce goshawkes with the Pheasants had no warre,
 Rau'ns did not then the Eagles talens feare,
 Twixt Cuckoos and the Titlings was no iarre,
 But coasted one another eu'ry where
 In friendly sort, as louers woonted were:
 For loue alone rul'd all in eu'ry kind,
 As though all were of one and selfe same mind.

How safely then did these my Turtle-soules
 Disport themselues in *Phæbus* cheerefull shine:
 How boldly flew they by the iayes and owles;
 Dreadlesse of crooked beakes or fiery eyen?
 Nay, who in all the flocks of winged foules
 Said once in heart, This pris'oner shal be mine:
 When none as yet made other warre or strife,
 Then such as 1 *Hymen* makes twixt man & wife.

1 A Poeticall
 God, and suppo-
 sed instructor of
 brides and bride-
 grooms.

But since the fall of parents pufft with pride,
 Not onely men were staine'd in viciousnesse,
 But birdes, and beasts, and wormes, and flies beside,
 Declining from their former perfitnesse,
 Did by degrees to imperfections slide,
 Tainted with pride, wrath, enuie, and excesse:
 Yea, then the husband of one onely henne,
 Was afterwards contented scarce with tenne.

Hence

Hence, gowts in cocks, and swelling paines appeare;
Hence, Partridge loynes so feeble we do view,
Hence, sparrow treaders liue out scarce a yeare,
Hence, leprosie the Cuckoes ouergrew:
Breefely, none did in true loue perseuere:
But these white Butterflies and Turtles true,
Who both in life and death do ne're forsake
Her, whom they once espoused for their make.

They choose not (like to other birds and beasts)
This yeare one wife, another wife the next,
Their choyse is certaine, and still certaine rests,
With former loues their mindes are not perplext,
Hee yeeldes to her, she yeelds to his requests,
Neither with feare nor ielosie is vext:
She clippeth him, hee clippeth her againe,
Equall their ioy, and equall is their paine.

Remember this you fickle hearted Sires,
Whom lust transporteth from your peereles Dames,
To scorch your selues at foule and forraine fires,
Wasting your health and wealth in filthie games,
Learne hence (I say) to bridle badde desires,
Quenching in time your hot and furious flames,
Let little flies teach great men to be iust,
And not to yeeld braue mindes a prey to lust.

F

When

Of the Silke wormes

When thus they were created the first day,
 Alike in bignesse, feature, forme and age,
 Cladde both alike in soft and white array,
 And set vppon this vniuersall stage,
 Their seuerall parts and feates thereon to play,
 Amidst the rest of natures equipage: (thought)
 Who then suppos'd (as since some fooles haue
 That little things were made & seru'd for nought.

Diswitted dolts that huge things wonder at,
 And to your cost coast daily ile from ile,
 To see a Norway whale, or Libian cat,
 A Carry-castle or a Crocodile,
 If leane Ephesian (1) or (2) th' Abderian fat
 Liu'd now, and saw your madnesse but a while,
 What streaming fouds would gush out of theyr
 To see great wittols little things despise? (cies,

1 Heraclitus,
 that euer wept.
 2 Democritus
 that euer laugh
 ed as the world
 folly.

When looke, as costliest spice is in small bagges,
 And little springs do send forth cleere fouds,
 And sweetest (3) Iris beareth shortest flagges,
 And weakest *Ofiers* bind vp mighty woods,
 And greatest hearts make euer smallest bragges,
 And little caskets hold our richest goods:
 So both in Art and Nature tis most cleere,
 That greatest worths in smallest things appeare.

3 Called Onis
 in English.

What

What wise man euer did so much admire
Neroes (1) Colossus siue score cubits high,
 As *Theodorus* Image cast with fire,
 Holding his file in right hand handsomly,
 In left his paire of compasses and squire,
 With horses, Coach, and footmen running by
 So liuely made, that one might see them all?
 Yet was the whole worke than a flie more small.

1 Made by Zo-
 nodorus: of
 which, and also
 of *Theodorus*
 image, more in
Plin. lib. 34. cap.
 7. & 8.

Nay, for to speake of things more late and rise,
 Who will not more admire those famous Fleas,
 Made so by art, that art imparted life,
 Making them skippe, and on mens hands to seaze,
 And let out bloud with taper-poynted knife,
 Which from a secret sheathe ranne out with ease:
 The those great coches which theselues did driue,
 With bended scrues, like things that were alieue?

2 Made by
 Gauen Smit: h.
 Anno. 1586.

Ingenious (3) Germane, how didst thou conuey
 Thy Springs, thy Scrues, thy rowells, and thy flie?
 Thy cogs, thy wardes, thy laths, how didst thou lay?
 How did thy hand each peece to other tie?
 O that this age enioy'd thee but one day,
 To shew thy Fleas to faithlesse gazers eye!
 That great admirers might both say and see,
 In smallest things that greatest wonders bee.

3 Ioannes Re-
 giomontanus: of
 whom Ramus as
 large in *Proem.*
 lib. 2. *Math.*

Of the Silke wormes

Great was that proud and feared Philistine,
 Whose launces shaft was like a weauers beame,
 VVhose helmet, target, bootes, and brigandine,
 VVeare weight (1) sufficient for a sturdy teame,
 VVhose frowning lookes and hart-dismaying cyne,
 Daunted the tallest king of *Israels* realme:
 Yet little shepheard with a pibble stone,
 Confounded soone that huge and mighty one.

1 For they weied
 6000 Shekles of
 brasse.

Huge fiery Dragons, Lions fierce and strong
 Did they such feare on cruel (2) Tyrant bring,
 VVith bloody teeth or tailes and talens long,
 VVith gaping Iawes or double forked sting,
 As when the smallest creepers ganne to throng,
 And seize on euery quicke and liuing thing?
 No, no. The Egyptians neuer (3) feared inice,
 As then they feared little crawling lice.

2 Pharaoh.

3 Yet for feare
 of them they
 honoured their
 Gods in the
 forme of cats.
Plaut. lib. de Is.

4 of.

4 A most famous
 trumpeter.
Plin. lib. cap. 56.

Did euer (4) Pifeus sound his trumpet shrill
 So long and cleere, as doth the summer Gnat,
 Her little cornet which our eares doth fill,
 Awaking eu'n the drowziest drone thereat?

5 Anacreon in
 one of his latter
 Odes.

Did euer thing do *Cupid* so much ill,
 As once a (5) Bee which on his hand did squat?
 Confesse we then in small things vertue most,
 Gayning in worth what they in greatnesse lost.

But

But holla, Muse, extol not so the vale,
That it contemne great hilles, and greater skie,
Thinke that in goodnesse nothing can be small,
For smalnesse is but an infirmitie,
Natures defect, and offspring of some fall,
The scorne of men, and badge of infamy?
For still had men continued tall and great,
If they in goodnesse still had kept their seate.

A little dismall fire whole townes hath burnd,
A little winde doth spread that dismall fire,
A little stone a carte hath ouerturnde,
A little weede hath learned to aspire,
The little Ants (in scorne so often spurnd)
Haue galles : and flies haue seates of fixed ire.
Small Indian gnattes haue sharpe and cruel stings,
Which good to none, but hurt to many brings.

And truly for my part I list not prayse
These silke-worme-parents for their little life,
But for those louely great resplendant rayes,
Which from their woorks and worthie actions rise,
Each deede deseruing well a Crowne of bayes,
Yea, to be grauen in wood that neuer dies:
For let vs now recount their actions all,
And truth wil proue their vertues are not small.

Of the silke wormes

First, though five Males be brought to Females ten,
 Yet of them al they neuer chuse but five,
 Each takes and treads his first embraced henne,
 With her he keepes, and neuer parts aliue:
 And when he is enclos'd in Stygian penne,
 Desireth she one moment to suruiue?
 No, no, but strait (like a most louing bride)
 Flies, lies, and dies, hard by her husbands side.

Anno.Dom.
 1579. when I
 was in Italy.

In Tuscanetowres what armies did I view
 One haruest, of these faithfull husbands dead?
 Bleede, O my heart, whilst I record anew,
 How wiues lay by them, beating, now their head,
 Sometimes their feet, and wings, & breast most true,
 Striuing no lesse to be deliuered,
 Then *Thisbe* did from vndesired life,
 When she beheld her *Pyram* slaine with knife.

But whilst they liue, what is their chiefeest worke?
 To spinne as spiders do a fruitlesse threed?
 Or Adder-like in hollow caues to lurke,
 Till they haue got a curst and cankred seed? (fork,
 (Whose yong ones therfore, with dame Natures
 Iustly gnaw out the wombs that did them breed:)
 Or striue they Lion-like to seize and pray,
 On neighbours herds or herds-men by the way?
Delight

Delight they with strange 1 Ants & Griphins strong,
 To hoord vp gold and eu'ry gaineful thing?
 Liue they not beafts, and birds, and men among,
 Committing nought that may them damage bring?
 O had I that five-thousand-verfed fong,
 Which (2) Poet prowde did once with glory fing,
 That whilst I write of thefe fane creatures bleft,
 In proper words their worth might be exprest,

1 Of who P. A.
 ny writeth, lib.
 II. cap. 31.

2 Thamyris,
 who wrote
 5000. verfes of
 the worlds crea-
 tion Zeeze, 7.
 chil. hiflor. 108

What wil you more? they feede on nought but aire,
 As doth that famous bird of Paradice,
 They liue not long, left goodneffe fhould empaire,
 Or rather through that (3) Haggess enuious eyes,
 That fits, and fitting, cuts in fatall chaire
 That threed firft off, which faireft doth arife:
 Affording crowes and kites a longer line,
 Then fliers ful of gifts and grace diuine.

3 Atropos

When maker faid to eu'ry bodied foule,
Encrease, encrease, and multiply your kinde:
 What he or fhe of al the winged foule
 So much fulfill'd their foueraigne-Makers minde,
 As thefe two flies? who coupled three dayes whole,
 Left on the fourth more feeds or egges behind

Gen. I.

Then any bird: yea then the fruitetul wrenne,
 Numbred by tale a (4) hundred more then tenn.

4 Sometimes,
 more, feldome
 fewer.

Which

Of the silke wormes

Which donne, both die, and die with cheerefull hart
 Bycause they had done al they bidden were,
 Might we from hence with conscience like depart,
 How deare were death? how sweet & voyd of feare?
 How little should we at his arrowes start?
 If we in hands a quittance such could beare
 Before that iudge, who looks for better deedes,
 From men then flies, that spring of baser seeds.

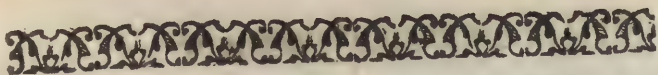
*Yvix is
 all one name in
 Greeke for a
 soule and a but-
 terflie.*

Go worthy soules (so (1) witty *Greeks* you name)
 Possesse for aye the faire *Elisian* greene:
 Sport there your selues ech Lording with his Dame,
 Enioy the blisse by sinners neuer scene:
 You liu'd in honour, and stil liue in fame,
 More happy there, then here is many a Queene:
 As for your seeds committed to my charge,
 Take you no care : I'll sing their worth at large.

*2 The Lady of
 the plaine.
 3 Miraes
 daughter.
 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.
 Gentlemen
 ascending upon
 Mira and her
 daughter.*

Weepe not faire (2) *Mira* for this funeral.
 Weepe not (3) *Panclea*, *Miraes* chiefe delight,
 Weepe not (4) *Phileta*, nor (5) *Erato* tall:
 Weepe not (6) *Euphemia*, nor (7) *Felicia* white:
 Weepe not sweete (8) *Fausta*. I assure you all,
 Your cattels parents are not dead outright:
 Keepe warme their egges, and you shall see anone,
 From eithers loynes a hundred rise for one,

FINIS.



*The second booke of the Silke-
Wormes and their Flies.*

O Thou whose sweet & heau'nly-tuned Psalmes
The heau'ns theselues are scarce enough to praise!
Whose penne diuine and consecrated palmes,
From wronging verse did *Royall Singer* raise,
Vouchsafe from brothers ghost no niggards almes,
Now to enrich my high aspiring layes,
Striuing to ghesse, or rather truely reede,
What shall become of all this little breede.

This little breede? nay euen the least of all,
The least? nay greater then the greatest are:
For though in shew their substance be but small,
Yet with their worth what great ones may compare?
What egges as these, are so much sphericall
Of all that euer winged Natures bare?
As though they onely had deseru'd to haue,
The selfe same forme which God to heauens gaue.

*A comparison of
the Silke flies
egges with other
egges.*

From *Lybian* egges a mightie (1) bird doth rise,
Scorning both horse and horsemen in the chace,
With Roe-bucks feete, throwing in furious wise,
Dust, grauell, sand and stones at hunters face,
Yet dwels there not beneath the vaulted skies,
A greater foole of all the feathred race:
For if a little bush his head doth hide,
He thinkes his body cannot be espicde.

1 The Ostrich.

G

From

Of the Silke wormes

1 The Eagle.

From egges of (1) her whose mate supporteth *Ioue*,
 And dares giue combat vnto draggons great,
 With whom in vain huge staggess and Lions stroue,
 Whose onely sight makes euery bird to sweate,
 Whom *Romanes* fed in *Capitole* about,
 And plac't her Ensigne in the highest seate,
 What else springs out but bloody birds of praye,
 Sleeping al night, and murdering al the daye?

From egges of famous *Palamedian* foules,
 And them that hallow *Diomedes* toomb,
 In bodies strange retaining former soules,
 VVise, wary, warlike, saging things to come,
 VVhose inborne skil our want of witte controules,
 Whose timely fore-sight mates our heedlesse doom,
 Comes ought but cranes of most vnseemly shape,
 And diuing Cootes which muddy chanel's scrape?

2 Peacocks.

Yea (2) you whose egges *Hortentius* sometimes sold,
 At higher rate then now we prize your fire:
 Proud though he be, and spotted al with gold,
 Stretching abroad his spangled braue attire,
 VVherby, as in a glasse, you do behold,
 His courting loue, and longing to aspire:
 VVhat bring ye forth but spectacles of pride,
 VVhose pitchy feete marres al the rest beside?

Thrise

Thrice blessed eggcs of (1) that renowned damie, The Pelicane,
 Who bleeds to death, her dead ones to reuiue,
 Whome enuious creepers poyson ouercame,
 Whilst she fetcht meate to keepe them stil aliue,
 How wel befits her loue that sacred Lamb,
 That heal'd vs all with bleeding issues fine?

Yet hath your fruit this blotte, to ouer-eate,
 And glutton-like to vomit vp their meate.

VVinters (2) Orphens bloody-breasted (3) Queen, 2 Robb. red-
brest.
 Sommers sweete solace, nights (4) Amphion braue, 3 VVrenne,
 Linus (5) delight, Canaries clad in greene, 4 Nightingale,
 All (6) linguists eke that beg what hart would craue, 5 Linnet.
 Selling your tongues for euery trifle scene, 6 Pie: parrake,
 As almonds, nuttes, or what you else would haue: 7 The house-
cocke.

Offsprings of eggcs, what are you but a voice?
 Angring sometimes your friends with too much
 (noyse.

Victorious (7) Monarch, scorning partners all,
 Stowt lions terrour, loue of martial Sire,
 True farmers clocke, nights watchman, seruants call,
 Pressing stil forward, hating to retire,
 Constant in fight, impatient of thral,
 Bearing in a little breast a mighty fire:

Oh that thou wert as faithfull to thy wife,
 As thou art free of courage voice and life!

Of the Silke wormes

Chaste is the Turtle, but yet giuen to hate,
 Storkes are officious, yet not voide of guiles,
 Hardy are *Haggesses*, but yet giuen to prate,
 Faithful are *Dones*, yet angry other whiles,
 The whitest swimmer nature e're begate,
 Suspition blacke and icalousie defiles:

Briefely, from egges of euery creature good,
 Sprang nought distainted but this little broode:

1 Called by Al-
 clarist: Ouum
 Philosopho-
 rum, the Phi-
 losophers egge.
 2 A medicine
 famous in Ho-
 mer to extim-
 guish all kinde
 of griefes and
 paines

As for that (1) egge concei'd in idle braine,
 Whence flowes (forsooth) that endlesse seed of gold,
 The wombe of wealth, the (2) *Nepenthes* of paine,
 The horne of health, and what we dearest hold:
 I count it but a tale and fable vaine,
 By some olde wife, or coufning friar told:
 Supposed true, though time and truth descries,
 That all such workes are but the workes of lies.

For when the Sire of truth hath truly saide,
 That none can make the couering of his head,
 These slender haire, so vile, so soone decaide,
 Of so smal worth though nere so finely spread
 Shal any witte by humane art and aide,
 Transforme base mettrals to that essence redde,
 Which buies, not only pearles and precious stones,
 But kingdōs, states, & Monarchs frō their thrones:

Ah

Ahl heau'ns forbid (nay heau'ns forbid it sure,)
 That euer Art should more then Nature breede,
 Curse we his worke whose fingers most impure,
 Durst but to dare the drawing of that seede,
 Yet when they haue done al they can procure,
 And giuen their leaden God a golden weede:
Zeuxis his painted dogge shal barke and whine,
 When *Ioue* they turne to *Sol* or *Luna* fine.

Sisyphian (1) soules, bewitched multipliers,
 Surcease to pitch this neuer pitched stone,
 Vaunt not of Natures nest, nor *Orcus* fires,
 Hoping to hatch your addle egge thereon:
 Restraine in time such ouer-prowd desires,
 Let cre'tures leaue *Creators* works alone:
 Melt not the golden Sulphur of your hart,
 In following stil this fond and fruitlesse art.

Stone continually to the top of a Pyramidall and most steepe hill, til it rested there, which was an impossible thing to performe, because he could neuer pitch it. Ouid 3 met.

1 *Sisyphus* was one of king *Aeolus* sonnes, delighted in robbing and conuincing of his neighbours, wherefore this punishment was enioyned him, to roule a

Record what once besel great *Aeols* (2) sonne,
 For counterfetting onely but the sound,
 Of heau'nly Canoniers dreadful gunne,
 That shakes the beams and pillars of this round:
 A fiery boulte from wrathfull hand did runne,
 Driuing false forger vnder lowest ground:
 Where stil he liues stil wishing to be dead,
 Spotted without, within al staine with redde.

2 *Salmones*, another sonne to *Aeolus*, who for counterfetting thunder, was turned (as *Seruius* conceined) into a Salmon.

Of the Silke wormes

Remember eke the Vulture gnawing still,
 That euer-dying euer-living (1) wretch,
 VVho stealingly with an ambitious will,
 From *Phæbus* wheelles would vitall fire reach,
 Thinking to make by humane art and skill,
 His man of clay a liuing breath to fetch:
 Beware in time of like celestially rods,
 And feare to touch the onely worke of gods.

*1 Prometheus, sonne of Asa & Epaphiet, who en-
 eapring(as Paracelsus
 doth) to make
 man, was tied
 vppon mount
 Caucasus in
 chains, thereto beaten euerlastingly by Vultures, and yet neuer to die. Ouid 10. Metam.*

But if you still with prowd presumptuous legges,
 VVill needes clime vpp the fiery-spotted hil,
 Pilfring from *Ioue* his Nectar voyde of dregs,
 And that immortal meate (2) which none doth fill,
 If ye wil needes imbefill those faire egges,
 VVhich in her child-bedde did their (3) mother kil,
 Yet say not, that for gifts and vertues rare,
 They do, or may, with these my egges compare.

*2 Called Ambrosia.
 3 Leda, who be-
 ing gotten with
 childe by Iupiter
 in the forme of a
 swanne, brought forth two egges, out of the one came Castor and Chytemnestra, out of the other Pol-
 lux and Helena. Hesiodus.*

These, these, are they, in dream which *Romane* spide
 Clos'd in a slender shell of brittle mould,
 Holding within, a white like siluer tride,
 VVhose inward yolke resembleth (5) *Ophirs* gold,
 From out whose centre sprang the cheefest pride,
 That e're *Latinus*, or his race did hold,
 Exchanging in al countries for the same, (name)
 Meate, drinke, cloth, coyne, or what you else can

*4. Cic. 2. de diu.
 5 Whence Sa-
 lomon fetches
 gold euerie three
 yeares, which
 wisdom would
 neuer haue per-
 mitted him to haue done, if he had knowne (as some imagine) how so make the Philosophers stone.*

Here

Here lies the (1) Calx of that renowned shel,
 Here flotes that water permanent and cleere,
 Here doth the oile of Philosophers dwell,
 Stil'd from the golden Fleece that hath no peere:
 In midst of whose vnseene and secret cell
 Dame Nature sittes, and euery part doth steere,
 Though neither opening shop to euery cie,
 Nor telling (2) *Cæsar* she can multiply.

1 Of which
 Calx, water, and
 oyle, you may
 reade more than
 enough in Li-
 banius: Epist.
 de uno Philoso-
 phorum, & the
 troubling Turba
 Philosophorum,
 & the reuerent,
 D Dee, in Mo-
 nad, Hierogl.
 2 As one or two
 fockes haue done.

Al-working mother, Foundresse of this All,
 Ten-hundred-thousand-thousand-breasted nurse,
Dedalian mouldresse both of great and small,
 As large in wealth, as liberall of purse,
 Still great with childe, still letting children fall,
 Good to the good, not ill vnto the worse,
 VVhat made thee she w thy multiplying pride,
 More in these egges, then all the egges beside?

3 A description
 of Nature.

VVas it, because thou takest most delight,
 To print the greatest worth in smallest things?
 That they, the least of any seede in sight,
 Might clothiers breed to clothe our mightiest kings?
 O witte diuine, O admirable spright!
 VVorthie the songs of him that sweetest sings:
 Let it suffice that I adore thy name,
 VVhose works I see, and know not yet the same.

But

Of the Silke wormes

1 Boreas, who by
force vanished
Orythia King
Eriethens
daughter. Ouid
6 Metam.

But damfels, ah : who rustleth in the skie?
Me thinks I heare *Enitheat* Ladyes (1) foe,
Blustring in fury from the mountaines hie,
Looke how he raiseth cloudes from dust below,
Harke how for feare the trees do cracke and crie,
Each bud recoyles, the seas turne too and fro:
O suffer not his breath-bereauing breath,
To slay your hopes with ouer-timely death.

2 Hyems or
winter.

Therefore as soone as them you gathered haue,
Vpon the whitest papers you can find,
In Boxes cleane your egges full closely saue,
From chilling blast, of deadly nipping winde,
Let not that hoary (2) iry-manteld slaue
So much preuaile, to kill both stocke and kinde:
Farre be it from a tender Damsels heart,
On tendrest seedes to shew so hard a part.

The seedes or
egges of Silke-
flies are so bee
kepe neither too
cold, nor any
thing too.

Yet keepe them not in roomes too hot and close,
Lest heare by stealth encroch it selfe too soone,
And inward matter ripening so dispose,
That spinsters creepe ere winters course be done,
Whilst woods stand bare, & naked echi thing grows,
And *Thisbes* sap for aide be inward runne:
For as with cold their brooding powre is spilde,
So are they then for want of herbage kilde.

Th'Arch-

Th' Arch-mason of this round and glorious bal,
Of creatures created Man the last,
Not that he thought him therefore worst of all,
(For in his soule part of himselfe he cast)
But lest his wisdome might in question fall,
For hating in his house a stranger plac'e,
Ere eu'ry thing was made to please and feast,
So great a Monarch and so braue a guest.

Vnder whose feete where e're he went abroad
Vesta (1) spread forth a carpet voide of art,
Softer then silke, greener then th' *Emerode*,
Wrought al with flowres, and eu'ry hearb apart,
Quer him hang'd where e're he made abode,
An azur'd cloth of state, which ouerthwart
Was biast (as it were) and richly purld,
With twelue braue signes & gliftring stars inurld

1 The Earth.

Vppon him then as vassals eu'ry day
Stowt Lions waited, tameles Panthers eke,
Fierce Eagles, and the wildest birds of pray,
Huge whales in Seas that mighty carricks wreake,
Serpents and toades: Yea each thing did obey,
Fearing his lawes and statutes once to breake:
Yet wherto seru'd this pompe and honour great,
If man had wanted due and dayly meate?

H

Trace

Of the Silke wormes

The feedes or
eggs of Silkeflies
are not so be
hatched till the
Mulberie tree
be budded.

Trace you Gods steppes, and til you can attaine
Wherwith to feed your guests when first they shew,
Haste not their hatching, for t'wil prooue a paine,
Filling your hearts with ruth, your eyes with dew,
As when th'vntimely lambe on *SARUMS* plaine,
Fallne too too soone from winter-starued ewe,
To pine you see for want of liquid food,
Which should restore his wants of vitall blood.

1 The Mulbery

Attend therefore, when farmers (1) ioy renews
Her liuely face, and buddeth all in greene,
For Hyems then, with all his frozen cruets,
Is fully dead, or fled to earths vnsceene,
Come, cattell, flowers, feare then no heauie newes,
From Northern coasts, or *Boreas* region keene:
Birds sing, flies buzze, bees hum, yea al things
To see the very blush of *Morus* lippe. (skip

2 The Nightin-
gale.
3 The Wrenne.
4 Larkes.

Let swallowes come, let storkes be seene in skie,
Let (2) *Philomela* sing, let (3) *Progne* chide,
Let (4) *Tiry-tiry-lecrers* vpward flie,
Let constant *Cuckoes* cooke on euery side,
Let mountaine mice abroad in ouert lie,
Let euery tree thrust forth her budding pride,
Yet none can truly warrant winters flight,
Till she be seene with gemmes and iewels dight.

O peerelesse tree, whose wisedome is far more
 Then any else that springs from natures wombe:
 For though *Pomonaes* (1) daughters budde before,
 And forward (2) *Phillis* formost euer come,
 And *Persian* (3) fruit yeeldes of her blossoms store,
 And (4) *Taurus* hotte succeedeth (5) *Aries* roome:
 Yet all confesse the Mulbery most wise,
 That neuer breedes till winter wholly dies.

1 All kinde of
 round fruit.
 2 The Almonde
 tree.
 3 Peaches:
 brought first
 out of Persia, as
 Columella, writ-
 tech.
 4 Aprils signe.
 5 March his
 signe.

Such is her wit: but more her inward might,
 Forbudded newe when *Phæbus* first appears,
 She is full leaued e're it grow to night:
 With wondrous crackling filling both our eares,
 As though one leafe did with another fight,
 Striuing who first shall see the heau'nly spheares,
 Euen as a liuely chickin breakes the shell,
 Or blessed Soules do scudde and flie from hell.

Yet witte and strength her pittie doth exceede,
 For none she hurts that neere or vnder grow,
 No not the brire, or any little weede,
 That vpward shootes, or groueling creeps below,
 Nay more, from heauenly flames each tree is freed
 That nigh her dwels, when fearful lightnings glow:
 For vertue which, the Romanes made a law,
 To punish them that should her cut or saw.

So writeth Pli-
 ny, lib. 10. hist.
 nat.

Of the Silke wormes

Read: Pliny.
lib. ci. x. x.

I leaue to tell how she doth poison cure,
From adders goare or gall of Lifards got,
VVhat burning blaines she heales and sores impure,
In palat, iawes, and al enflamed throte,
VVhat canckars hard, and wolves be at her lure,
What Gangrenes stoop that make our toes to rotte:
Briefly, few griefes from Panders boxe out-flew,
But here they finde a medicine, old or new.

Her bloud retourn'd to sweete *This bean wine*,
Strengthneth the lungs and stomacke over-weake,
Her clustred grapes do proue a dish most fine,
VVhose kernels soft do stones in sunder breake:
Her leaues too that conuerted are in time,
Which kings themselues in highest prize do reake:
Thus giues she meat, and drink, medicine, & cloth,
To eu'ry one that is not drown'd in sloth.

1 So Monardes
calleteth it. lib. de
arb. Ind.
2 Leo. Afer.

Bragge now no more perle-breeding *Taprobane*,
Of *Cocas* thine, that (1) all-supplying foode,
Vaunt not of Dates thou famous (2) *Africane*,
Though sweete in taste, and swift in making blood,
Blush *Syrian* grapes, and plums *Armenian*,
Ebusian figges, and fruit of *Phillis* good:
Bad is your best compared with this tree,
That most delights my little flocke and mee.

I

a H

But

But wil you know, why this they onely eate?
 Why leaues they onely chuse, the fruite forsake?
 Why they refuse al choise and sortes of meate,
 And hungers heate with onely one dish flake?
 Then list a while, you wonder-seekers great,
 Whilst I an answer plaine and easie make:
 Disdaine you not to see the mighty ods,
 Twixt vertuous worms and sinful humane gods.

I thinke that God and nature thought it meete,
 The noblest wormes on noblest tree to feede:
 And therefore they else neuer set their feete
 On any tree that beareth fruit or feede:
 Others diuine, that they themselves did weere
 No other tree could yeelde their silken threede.
 Iudge learned wittes: But sure a cause there is,
 Why they else feede vpon no tree but this.

*Why Silke-
 wormes eate on-
 ly Mulberis
 leaues.*

Ne eate they all, as greedy *Kasars* do,
 But leaue the berries to their Soueraigne:
 Religiously forbearing once to bloe
 Vpon the fruit, that may their Lord maintaine.
 Nay, if these leaues (though nothing else doth growe
 In *Eden* rich their nature to sustaine)

Had erst bin giuen for other creatures meate,
 They would haue chusde rather to starue then eat:

Of the silke wormes

Why Silke-
wormes feed on-
ly vpon one
meate.

In that they onely feede vppon one tree,
How iustly do they keepe dame Natures lore?
Who teacheth eu'n the bleare-cyde man to see,
That change of meates causeth diseases store:
The gods themselues (if any such there be)
Haue but one (1) meate, one drinke, and neuer more,
Whereby they liue in health and neuer die,
For how can one against it selfe reple.

1 Called Am-
brosia.

2 Called Nestar

3 Read Plutark
4. Symposi-
quast, 2

Dualitie of meates was sicknesse spring,
With whom addition meeting by the way,
Begate varietie of euery thing,
Who like a whore in changeable array,
With painted cheekes (as did *Philinus* sing)
And corall lippes, and breasts that naked lay,
Made vs with vnitie to be at warres,
And to delight in discords, change, and iarres.

Wherefore as soone as they beginne to creepe,
Like sable-robed Ants, farre smaller tho,
Blacked at the first, like pitch of Syrian deepe,
Yet made in time as white as *Atlas* snow,
Send seruants vp to woods and mountaines steepe,
When Mulb'ry leaues their maiden lippes do shew:
Feede them therewith (no other soule they craue,
If morne and eu'n fresh lesage they may haue.)

The

The first three weekes the tend'rest leaues are best,
 The next, they craue them of a greater size,
 The last, the hardest ones they can digest,
 As strength with age increasing doth arise:
 After which time all meate they do detest,
 Lifting vp heads, and feete, and breast to skies,
 Begging as t'were of God and man some throwde,
 Wherein to worke and hang their golden clowde,

So that they eat
 not in all about
 nine weekes.

But whilst they feede, let al their foode be drie
 And pull'd when *Phæbus* face doth brightly shine,
 For raine, mist, dewe, and spittings of the skie,
 Haue beene ful of the baine of cattle mine:
 Stay therfore, stay, til dayes-vpholder flie,
 Fiue stages ful from Easterne *Thetis* line:
 Then leaues are free from any poysoned seede,
 Which may infect this white and tender breede.

When their
 meate is to bee
 gathered.

That is to say,
 till the sunne be
 five houres high

Keepe measure too, for though the best you get,
 Giue not too much nor little of the same,
 Satiety their stomacks wil vnwhet,
 Famine againe wil make them leane and lame:
 Lend Witte the knife to quarter out their meate,
 As neede requires and reason maketh clame:
 Left belly break, or meagerneffe enfewe,
 By giuing more or lesse then was their due.

In what quan-
 tities they are to
 be digged.

Ne

Of the silke wormes

*Varieties of
meates is naught
for them.*

Ne chāge their food (tis some haue thought it meet)
For Mulb'ries though they are of double kind,
The blacker ones are yet to them most sweete,
From out their leaues most pleasing sappe they find,
But whē they faile whilst *Scythia* krome i doth fleete,
(Turne heau'nly hosts, O turne that cruell wind)
White Mulb'ry leaues, yea tender Elming bud,
May for a shift be giuen in steede of foode.

*Their table is so
be kept cleane.*

Sweepe eu'ry morn ere they fresh vittales see,
Their papred boord, whereon they take repast,
With bundled Time, or slippes of Rosemary,
Leaue nought thereon that from their bellies past,
No not th'alf-eaten leaues of *Thisbe* tree,
And when their seates perfumed thus thou hast,
Remooue them back againe with care and heede,
To former place wherein they erst did feede.

*The sleepe of
Silke wormes.*

Oft shalt thou see them carelesse of their meate,
Yea ouer-tane with deepe and heauie sleepe,
Like to that strange and Epidemian sweate,
When deadly slumbers did on *Britons* creepe:
Yet feare thou not, it is but natures feate,
Who nethesle hath of peerelesse spinsters keepe,
And makes them thus as dead to lie apart,
That they may wake and feede with better heart.
Thrise

Thrise thus they sleep, and thrise they cast their skin,
 The latter stil farre whiter then the rest,
 For neuer are they quiet of mind within,
 Til they be cleane of blacknesse dispossest,
 Whether because they deeme it shame and sinne
 To weare the marke of blackish fiend vnblest:
 Or that their parents wearing onely white,
 They therefore in that onely would be dight.

*How oft they
 change their
 skinner.*

As they in body and in greatnesse grow,
 Diuide them into tribes and colonies,
 For though at first one table and no mo
 (Smal though it be) a thousand wormes suffice,
 Yet afterwards (as prooffe wil truly show)
 When they proceede vnto a greater size,
 One takes the roome of teene, and seemes to craue
 A greater scope and portion for to haue.

*How they are to
 be distributed &
 when they grow
 greater.*

The loft wherein their tables placed be,
 Must neither be too full, nor voide of light,
 Two windowes are inough, superfluous three,
 Plac't in such sort that one regard the light
 Of *Phæbus* steeds vprising as we see:
 And from the other when it drawes to night,
 We may behold them tired as it were,
 And limpiug downe the westerne Hemisphere.

*What manner
 of roome their
 table must stand
 in.*

Of the Silke wormes

1 *Ants or E-
mets.*

Glasde let them be, or linnen-couerd both,
To keepe out fell and blacke (1) *Monopolites*,
The *Myrmedonian* crue, wha voide of sloth
Do wholly bend their forces, toile, and wittes
To priuare gaine, and therefore are ful wroth
To see this nation any good besits:
Working themselues to death both night & day,
Not for themselues, but others to array.

2 *Wrennes and
Robins.*
3 *Sparrowes.*

The greedy imps of her that slue her sonne,
Pandions (2) daughter, bloudy harted Queene:
The winged (3) steedes in *Venus* coach that runne,
Inflam'd with filthy lust and fires vnscene,
Pursue this flocke, and with them al vndone,
Bycause they come from parents chaste and cleane:
O therefore keepe the casements close and fast,
Lest quellers rage your harmelesse cattle wast.

If also carelesnesse haue left a rift,
Or chincke vnstopped in thine aged wall:
Where-through a noysome mist, or rayny drift,
Or poysoned wind may trouble spinsters small,
Mixe lime and sand, deuise some present shift
How to repel such cruel foe-men al:
Small is the charge compared with the gaine,
That shal surmount thy greatest cost and paine.

If

I any seeme to haue an amber coate,
 And swell therewith as much as skinne can hold,
 Wholy to sloth and idlenesse deuote,
 Tainting with lothsome gore the common fold,
 Of deadly sickenesst 'tis a certaine note,
 VVhose cure, sith none haue either writte or tolde,
 VVisedom commands to part the dead and sicke,
 Lest they infect the faultlesse and the quicke.

*How the sick
 are known from
 the whole, & in
 what sort to be
 used.*

Colde sometimes kills them, sometimes ouer-heate,
 Raine, oyle, salt, old and wet, and musty foode,
 The smel of onions, leekes, garlick, and new wheat,
 Shrill sounds of trumpets, drums, or cleauing woode:
 Yea some of them are of such weakenesse great,
 That whisprings soft of men or falling floud,
 Doth so their harts and senses ouer-wheeke,
 That often headlong from the boord they reele.

*Outward causes
 of their sicknesse*

Forbeare likewise to touch them more then needes,
 Skarre children from them giuen to wantonnesse,
 Let not the fruit of these your precious seedes,
 Die in their hands through too much carelesnesse:
 VVhoASSE and roule and tumble them like weedes
 From lease to lease in busie idlenesse,

Now squatting them vppon the floore or ground,
 Now squashing out their bellies soft and round.

Of the Silke wormes

*Signes of their
readiness to
worke.*

Thus being kept and fed nine weekes entire,
Surpriz'd with age ere one would thinke them yong,
With what an ardent zeale and hot desire
To recompence thy trauels do they long?
They neither sleepe, nor meate, nor drinke require,
But presse and strue, yea fiercely strue and throng,
Who first may find some happy bough or broom,
Whereon to spinne and leaue their amber loome.

*They must
scoure them-
selues two daies
before you set
them to worke.*

Then virgins then, with vndefiled hand
Seuer the greatest from the smaller crue,
For al alike in age like ready stand,
Now to begin their rich and oval cluc,
(Having first paid as Nature doth command,
To bellies-farmer that which was his due)
For nothing must remaine in body pent,
Which may defile their sacred monument.

*For that is the
best and safest
way to loose
none of them.*

So being clensde from al that is impure,
Put each within a (1) paper-coffin fine,
Then shal you see what labour they endure,
How farre they passe the weauers craft of line,
VVhat cordage first they make and tackling sure,
To ty thereto their bottom most diuine,
Rounding themselves ten thousand times & more,
Yet spinning stil behind and eke before.

None

None cease to worke: yea rather all contend
 Both night and day who shall obtaine the prize
 Of working much, and with most speede to end,
 Whilst rosie (1) *Titan* nine times doth arise
 From purple bedde of his most louing (2) friend,
 And eke as oft in (3) *Atlas* vally dies)
 Striuing (a strife not easie here to find)
 In working well, who may exceed their kind.

How they
 work not about
 nine daies.
 1 The sunne.
 2 Aurora, the
 morning.
 3 The western
 sea.

Yea some (O wofull sight) are often found
 Striuing, in worke their fellowes to excell,
 Lifelesse in midway of their trauerst round,
 Nay those that longest here do work and dwell,
 Liue but a while, to end their threed renownd,
 For I haue seene, and you may see it well,
 After that once their bottoms are begunne,
 Not one suruiues to see the tenth dayes sunne.

Go gallant youths, and die with gallant cheere;
 For other bodies shortly must you haue,
 Of higher sort then you enjoyed here,
 Of worthier state, and of a shape more braue,
 Lie but three weekes within your silken beere,
 Till Syrian dogge be drownd in western waue,
 And in a moment then mongst flying things,
 Receiue not fecte alone, but also wings.

How they are
 turned into flies
 when Dogge
 daies end, or
 thereabouts.

Of the Silke wormes

A description of
the Silkeflies.

1 An exceeding
high hill in Asia

2 Venus Parame-
mour, sonne to
Cinara, king of
Cyprus, by his
owne daughter
Adyrba.

Wings whiter then the snow of (1) *Taurus* hie,
Feete fairer then (2) *Adonis* euer had,
Heads, bodies, breasts, and necks of Iuory,
With perfit fauour, and like beautie clad,
Which to commend with some varietie,
And shadow as it were with colour sad,
Two little duskie feathers shall arise
From forehead white, to grace your Eben eyes.

When the silke
is to be winded
from the bottom

Then neither shall you see the bottome moue,
Nor any noyse perceiue with quickest care,
Death rules in all, beneath, in midst, aboue,
Wherefore make haste you damsels voyd of feare,
Shake off delay, as ere you profit loue,
In boxes strait away your bottoms beare,
Freed from the coffin wherein late they wrought,
To gaine the golden fleece you so much sought.

In what sort the
silke is to bee
winded

First pull away the loose and outmost doun,
As huswiues do their ends of knottie tow,
That which lies vpmost is of least renowne,
The finest threed is placed most below:
Threed fitte for kings, vnmeete for euery clowne,
On Natures quill so wound vp rowe by rowe,
That if thine eye and hand the end can find,
In water warme thou maist it all vnwind.

Three

Three sorts there are, distinct by colours three,
The purest like to (1) their resplendant haire,
Who weeping brothers fall from coursers free,
Their teares were turn'd to yellow amber faire.
The second like (2) her whom impatiencie
Made of a spouse a tree most solitary:

The last more white, made by the weaker sort,
Not of so great a price, nor like report.

How many sorts
of silke there be.
1 Phaeusa &
Lampetia Pha.
etons sisters. O-
vid 2 Metam.
2 Phillis, De-
mophoons spouse
turned into an
Almond tree.

From out al three, but chiefly from the best,
Are made, not onely robes for priests and kings,
But also many cordial medcins blest,
Curing the wounds that sullen Saturne brings,
Which being drunk, how quiet is our rest?
How leaps our hart: how inwardly it springs?
Speake you sad spirits that did lately feeble,
The hart-broke crush of melancholies wheele.

The use of all
sorts of silke.

Nay euen the doune which lies aloft confusde,
Makes Leuant stuffe for country yonkers meete,
Though it of court and cittie be refusde,
And is not worne in any ciuill streete,
But tel me yet, how can (3) he be excusde,
Who trampled eu'n the best with mired feete,
And in a moment marr'd al that with pride,
For making which, tenne thousand spinsters dide?

3 Diogenes that
dogge, who with
his dirtie shoes
trode downe
Platoes silken
Quilt (as Laer-
tius writeth) in
greater pride
then Plato euer
vsed it.

Now

Of the Silke wormes

The first made
bottoms are best
to be reserved
for seeds.

1 The waining
Mone,

Now if of these your bottoms you require,
Some to reserve for future race and seede,
Chuse out the eldest, for their forward fire
Makes inward flye the sooner spring and breede:
Whereas the latter ones haue least desire,
And lesser might to perfit *Venus* deede:
For why, their pride is dul, and spirits colde,
Borne in the quarter last of (1) *Iune* olde.

Wind none of them, which you for breede allot,
In warrie bath, nor else in wine, or lye,
Lest outward moisture innly being got,
Surrounding, drownes the little infant-flye,
And cause both strings and secundine to rotte,
So that before it liues it learns to dye:
Or if you haue them drenched so for gaine,
At sunne or fire to dry them take some paine.

2 That is to say,
white paper, for
the first writing
paper was the
inner rinde of a
certaine reede of
Phyllira was
transformed.
Com. Mat. in
Michol.

Singled, then laye them on a table neate,
Couered al o're with white (2) *Phyllirae* skinne,
Stay then againe till *Phæbus* chariot great
In *Oceans* bath hath twelue times washed bin,
And you shal see an admirable feate,
This form'd and yet transformed broode within:
From which new shapes new bodies do arise,
And tales to heads, and worms are turn'd to flies.
Within 12 daies after the bottoms finished, the silke flies are disclosed.

Whereat

Whereat to wonder each man may be bold,
 When feely worms themselues new fliers made,
 Whilst one anothers face they do behold:
 Muse how, and when, & where, this forme they had,
 How new hornes sprang frō out their foreheads old,
 Whence issued wings, which do them ouer-lade:
 For they recording what they were of late,
 Dare not yet mount aboue their former state.

*Silke flies feede
 on nothing but
 aire.*

As studying thus they stand a day or more,
 Offring to feede on nought but onely aire,
 Lothing the meate so much desir'd before,
 I meane the leaues of *Thisbes* tree most faire:
 Disdaining eke to taste of *Nais* store,
 To quench the heate that might their harts impaire:
 At length they know themselues to be aliue,
 And fal to that for which our wantons striue.

*A day or a litle
 more after dis-
 closing, they cou-
 ple togither.*

Both long, and longing skud to *Venus* forts,
 To stirre vp seed that euer may remaine,
 He runnes to her, and she to him resorts,
 Each mutually the other entertaine,
 Ioynd with such lincks and glue of natures sports.
 That coupled stil they rest a day or twaine:
 Yea oftentimes thrise turnes the welkin round,
 Ere they are scene vnlocked and vnbound.

*How long they
 are coupled toge-
 ther.*

Of the Silke wormes

When they die
after discon-
pling.

So hauing left what e're he could impart,
Of spirits, humors, seede, and recrement,
Willing yet further to haue throwne his hart
Into her breast, to whom he all things ment,
He formost dies and yeelds to fatal dart:
Ne liues she long, but strait with sorrow spent,
(Hauing first laide the egges she did conceiue)
Of loue and life she shortly takes her leaue.

Their egges in
colour and big-
nesse, are likest
of all things to
Miller seede,
wherewith Par-
rachites are fed.

Smal egges they be, in bignesse, colour, shape,
Like to the meate of *Indian* Parrachite,
Lesse farre in view then seed of garden rape,
In number many, yet indefinite:
For when the females womb begins to gape,
And render what the male got ouer night,
Now more, now fewer seeds dropt from the same,
As they were short, or longer at their game.

What number
of egges they
lay,

The water or
viner wheron all
the *Muses*
drinke.

Yet seldome are they than a hundred lesse,
Sometimes two hundred from their loynes do fall,
Round, smooth, hard-shelld, and voide of britlenes,
Whited alike, and yellow yolked all,
Whose vertues great no man did yet expresse,
Much lesse can I whose knowledge is so smal,
Though sure I am hence may we find a theame,
Able to drink vp (1) *Aganippes* streame.

O keepe them then with most attentiu heede,
 From *Boreas* blast and *Aeols* insolence,
 From menstruous blasts & breathing keep the freed,
 Auoide likewise the mil-dewes influence,
 Pray heau'nly *Monarch* fot to blesse your seede,
 Helping their weaknesse with his prouidence:
 So may your milk-white spinsters worke amaine,
 When *Morus* lippes shal bud and blush againe.

*How the eggs
 are to be prefer-
 ued.*

And(1) thou whose trade is best and oldest too,
 Steward of all that euer Nature gaue,
 VVithout whose help what can our rulers doo,
 Though gods on earth appareld wondrous braue?
 Behold thy helping hand faire virgins wooc,
 Yea nature bids, and reason eake doth craue
 Thy cunning, now these little worms to nurse,
 VVhich shal in time with gold fill full thy purse.

*1 An exhorta-
 tion to all Far-
 mers and Hus-
 bandmen to
 plant Mulbe-
 ries.*

In steed of fruitles elms and fallowes gray,
 Of brittle *Ash*, and poyson-breathing vgh,
 Plant *Mulb'ry* trees nigh euery path and way,
 Shortly from whence more profit shal ensue,
 Then from (2) th' *Hesperian* wood, or orchards gay,
 On euery tree where golden apples grew:
 For what is silke but eu'n a Quintessence,
 Made without hands beyond al humane sense?

*2 Made and
 planned by *Ag-
 le, Areshusa, &
 Hypereshusa,
 King Atlas
 daughter.**

Of the Silke wormes

A commendati-
on of this silke,
with that which
connecteth from
the Offereaus,
as also with
that which is
made by the In-
dian wormes.

A quintessence: nay wel it may be call'd,
A deathlesse tincture, sent vs from the skies,
Whose colour stands, whose glosse is ne're appalld,
Whose Mulbr'y-sent and saour neuer dies,
Yea when to time all natures else be thralld,
And every thing Fate to corruption ties:
This onely scornes within her lists to dwell,
Bettring with age, in colour, glosse, and smel.

1 Of these Of-
serians or Lords
of the wood,
read Bonfin. lib.
1 Decad 1.
Hung Hist.
2 Aurelianus
furnamed the
Liberall, lining
274. yeares af-
ter Christ, in
whose time a pound weights of silke was sold for the like weight in fine gold. Vopiscus.

So doth not yours (you (1) Lordings of the woode)
Growing like webbs vppon the long-haired grasse,
Along the (2) *Asserian* bancks of *Scithyan* floud,
Which into *Cassian* wombe doth headlong passe.
No, no: Although that silke be strong and good
In outward shew, and highly prized was,
When bounteous *Cesar* ruled citties prime,
Yet soone it fades, and yeelds to rotte in time.

3 Pausanias
bookes.
4 The Dor-
beale.
5 The Spider.
6 The Reede or
cane.
7 The his snakes.

If (3) bookes be true, there is an *Indian* worme,
As bigge as (4) he that robbs the Eagles nest,
Shap't like (5) *Arachne* that doth tinsels forme,
And nets, and lawnes, and shadowes of the best,
Fed with (6) her locks, who yeelding stands in storm,
V When (7) woods-surueyours lye on earth opprest)
From out whose belly, broke with surfetting,
V Whole clews of silk scarce half concocted, spring.
Yet

Yet that compar'd with this is nought so fine,
 Ne ought so sweetely fum'd with daintie sent,
 Nor of like durance, nor like powre diuine:
 Mirth to restore, when spirits all are spent,
 If it be steept in sweet *Pomanaes* (1) wine,
 Till colour fade, and substance do relent:
 Nay, nay, no silke must make that (2) Antidote,
 Saue onely which from spinsters mine is got.

1 The goddesse
 of apples.

2 Called Con-
 fectio Alhermes
 a most singular
 Electuarie a-
 gainst Melan-
 cholie, if it be
 rightly made.

3 Io. Fernelius.
 lib. 7 qui est de
 composu.

Whereof, if thou a pound in weight shalt take
 Vnstaind at all (as *Amiens* (3) floure doth write)
 And with the iuce of Rose and pippins make
 A strong infusion of some day and night,
 Adding some graines of muske and Ambres flake,
 And seething all to hony-substance right:
 O what a Balme is made to cheere the heart,
 If pearle, and gold, and spices beare a part?

What neede I count how many winders liue,
 How many twisters eke, and weauers thriue
 Vppon this trade? which foode doth daily giue
 To such as else with famine needes must strue:
 What multitudes of poore doth it relieue,
 That otherwise could scarce be kept aliue?
 Say Spaniard proude, & tel Italian youth,
 Whether I faine, or write the words of truth.

Of the Silke wormes

1 *Heliogabalus*,
for so wiseeth
Lampridius.

¶ When the
seede of silke-
wormes was first
brought into
Europe.

Not euer were your princes clad so braue,
Not euer were your wiues deckt as they be,
Much lesse was silke then worne of euerie flaue,
And artists, sprung from base and low degree,
That (1) rioter whose belly diggd his graue,
Clothd all in silke, the Romanes first did see:
Before whose time silke wou'n on linnen threed,
Was thought braue stuffe for any Princes weed.

So *Polidor vir-*
gil writeth out
of *Procopius*,
saying that this
happened 555.
yeares after
Christ, lib. 3
cap. 6. de ret. in-
uent.
2 A citie of east
India.

But afterwarde, when holy Palmers twaine
From out (2) *Serinda* brought these worms of fame,
And plauted Mulb'ry plants on hill and plaine,
Wherewith to fatte and foster vppe the same:
How rich waxt *Italy*? how braue was *Spaine*?
In Sattin fine, how braggd each man of name?
Yea, euery clowne, that euen as now, so then,
Habites did scarce discern the states of men.

Vp Britaine blouds, rise hearts of English race,
Why should your clothes be courser then the rest?
Whose feature tall, and high aspiring face,
Aime at great things, and challenge eu'n the best.
Begge countrymen no more in sackcloth base,
Being by me of such a trade posselt:
That shall enrich your selues and children more,
Then ere it did *Naples* or *Spaine* before.

No

No man so poore but he may Mulb'ries plant,
No plant so smal but wil a silke-worme feede,
No worme so little (vnlesse care do want)
But from it selfe wil make a clew of threede,
Ech clew weighs down, rather with more then scant,
A penny weight, from out whose hidden seede,
(After the winged wormes conception)
A hundred spinsters issue forth of one,

*How easie and
chargelesse a
thing it is to
keep silkworms.*

*What surplus
there is in profuse
by keeping them.*

Diuine we hence, or rather reckon right,
What vsury and proffit doth arise,
By keeping well these little creatures white,
Worthy the care of euery nation wise,
That in their owne or publique wealth delight.
And rashly wil not things so rare despise:
Yea sure, in time they wil such profit bring,
As shall enrich both people, priest, and king.

Concerning pleasure: who doth not admire,
And in admiring, smiles not in his hart,
To see an egge a worme, a worme a flier,
Hauing first shewd her rare and peerlesse art,
In making that which princes doth attire,
And is the base of euery famous Mart?

*How great plea-
sure there is in
keeping them,
both to the eyes,
eares, nose, and
hands.*

And then to see the flie cast so much seede,
As doth, or may, an hundred spinsters breede.

Againe

Of the filke wormes

Againe to view vppon one birchen shredde,
 Some hundred Clewes to hang like clustred peares,
 Those greene, these pale, and others somewhat red,
 Some like the locks hanging downe *Phæbus* cares:
 And then, how Nature when each worme is dead,
 To better state in tenne dayes space it reares:
 Who sees all this, and tickleth not in minde?
 To marke the choyse and pleasures in each kinde.

Eye but their egges, (as Grecians terme them well)
 And with a penne-knife keene diuide them quite,
 Behold their white, their yolke, their skin, and shel,
 Distinct in colour, substance, forme, and sight:
 And if thy bodies watchmen do not swell,
 And cause thee both to leape and laugh outright,
 Thinke God and nature hath that eye denied,
 By which thou shouldst frō brutish beasts be tried.

When they are worms, mark how they color chāge,
 From blacke to browne, from browne to sorrel bay,
 From bay to dunne, from dunne to duskie strange,
 Then to an yron, then to a dapple gray,
 And how each morne in habites new they range,
 Till at the length they see that happy day,
 When (like their Sires and heau'nly angels blest)
 Of pure and milk-white stoles they are possesst.
Large

Lay then thine eare and listen but a while,
 Whilst each their foode from leafage fresh receaues,
 Trie if thou canst hold in an outward smile,
 When both thine eare and phantasie conceaues,
 Not worms to feed, but showrings to distil.
 In whispring sort vpon the tatling leaues:
 For such a kind of muttring haue I heard, (teard.
 Whilst herbage greene with ynseene teeth they

When afterwatd with needle pointed tongue,
 The Flies haue bor'd a passage through their clewes,
 Obserue their gate and steerage al along,
 Their salutations, couplings, and *Adieus*:
 Heare eke their hurring aud their churring song,
 When hot *Priapus* loue and lust renewes,
 And tel me if thou heardst, or e're didst eye,
 Like sport amongst all winged troupes that flye.

Tis likewise sport to heare how man and maide,
 Whilst winding, twisting, and in weauing, thay
 Now laugh, now chide, now scan what others saide,
 Now sing a Carrol, now a louers lay,
 Now make the trembling beames to cry for aide,
 On clattring treddles whilst they roughly play:
 Resembling in their rising and their falls,
 A musicke strange of new found *Claricalls*.

L

The

Of the Silke wormes

The smel likewise of silken wool that's new,
 To heart and head what comfort doth it bring,
 Whilst we it wind and tooze from oual clew?
 Resembling much in prime of fragrant spring,
 When wild-rose buds in greene and pleasant hue,
 Perfume the ayre, and vpward sents do fling,
 Well pleasing sents, neither too sowre nor sweete,
 But rightly mixt, and of a temper meete.

As for the hand, looke how a louer wife
 Delighteth more to touch *Astarte* slick
 Then *Hecuba*, whose eye-browes hide her eies,
 Whose wrinckled lippes in kissing seeme to prick,
 Vpon whose palmes such warts and hurtells rise,
 As may in poulder grate a nutmegge thick:
 So ioy our hands in silke, and seeme ful loth
 To handle ought but silke and silken cloth.

Such are the pleasures, and farre more then these,
 Which head, and hart, eies, eares, and nose, and hands,
 Take, or may take, in learning at their ease,
 The dicting of these my spinning bands,
 VVhose silken threede shal more then counterpeise,
 Paine, cost, and charge, what euer it vs stands,
 So that if gaine or pleasure can perswade,
 Go we, let vs learne the silken-staplers trade.

But

But list, me thinkes I heare *Amyntas* sayne,
 That shepherds skill wil soone be quite vndone,
 Behold faire *Phillis* scuddeth from the plaine,
 Leauing her flocks at randon for to runne,
 Lo *Lidian* clothier breaks his loomes in twaine,
 And thousand spinsters burne their woollen spunne:
 Ah! cease your rage, these spinsters hurt you nought
 But wil encrease you more then ere you thought.

*Keeping of silke-
 wormes hindresth
 not the keeping
 of sheepe nor
 Sheepheard.*

For carde an ounce of silke with ten of wooll,
 How fine, how strōg, how strange a yarne doth rise?
 Make trial once, and hauing seene at ful,
 Your new found stuffe, chaffred at highest prize,
 Then blame your idle heads and senses dull,
 Trust not conceit, but credite most your eyes:
 Laughing as much, or more, thē ere you mourn'd,
 When feare you see to ioy and vantage turnd.

Laugh now (faire *Mira*) with thy Virgins white,
 For why your egges committed to my care,
 Are growne so much in bignesse, worth, and sight,
 That Kings and Queens to keep them wil not spare,
 Yea Queen of Queenes, for verrue, witte, and might,
 Perhaps wil hatch them twixt those hillocks rare,
 Where al the *Graces* feede and *Sisters* nine,
 Who euer loue, and grace both thee and thine.

FINIS.

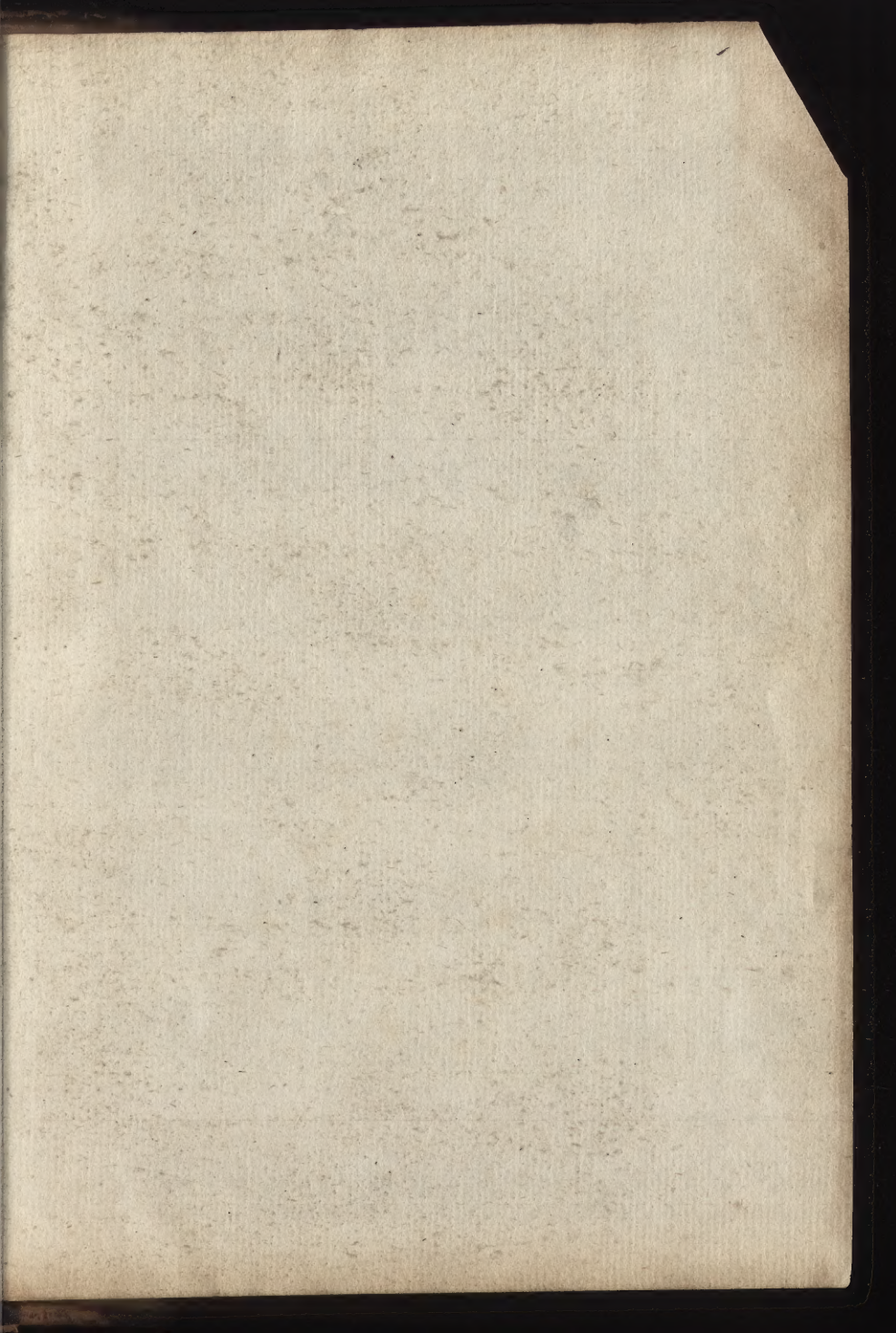
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